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New Republic

NOVEMBER 24, 1947

ITALY: TALKS OF CIVIL WAR

INTERVIEWS WITH DE GASPERI, TOGLIATTI, NENNI, SARAGAT AND OTHER IMPORTANT LEADERS IN ROME

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

ALSO:

POSTSCRIPT TO PALESTINE
By HENRY WALLACE

REP. O'KONSKI, FRESHWATER FUEHRER
By DALE KRAMER

ANTI-SEMITISM, 1947: III OF A SERIES
By BRUCE BLIVEN

THE NEW DE GAULLE: HE SMILES
By FRED SUGGS

LITTLE RED CHINESE VILLAGE
By ROBERT P. MARTIN

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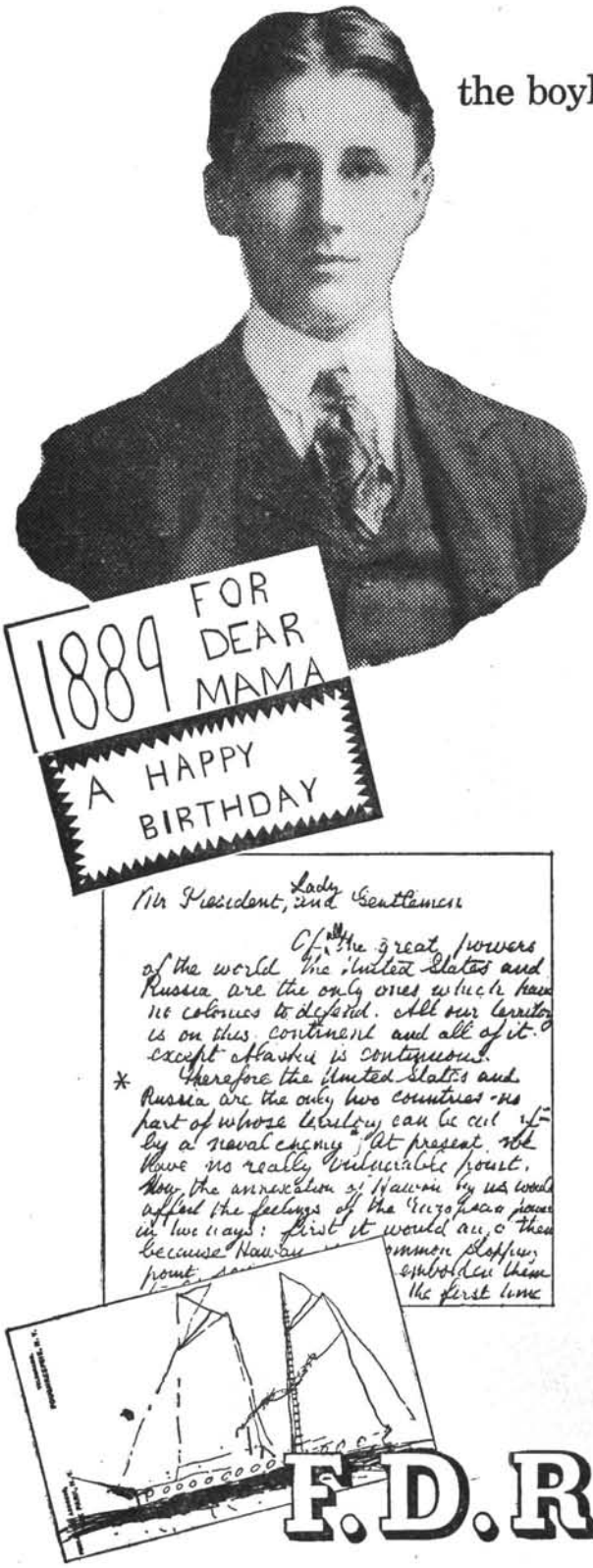
1889 FOR DEAR MAMA
A HAPPY BIRTHDAY
Mr President, Lady and Gentlemen
Of the great powers of the world the United States and Russia are the only ones which have no colonies to defend. All our territory is on this continent and all of it except Alaska is contiguous.
Therefore the United States and Russia are the only two countries the part of whose territory can be cut off by a naval enemy. At present we have no really vulnerable point.
the annexation of Hawaii by us would affect the feelings of the Europeans powers in two ways: first it would and then because Hawaii
common sloppiness emboldened them the first time

the boyhood letters of

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

This volume of the letters of Franklin D. Roosevelt covers the formative years when the influence of environment bears most heavily upon the young mind. No one, remembering the complex personality of President Roosevelt, can fail to wonder what factors molded it. To a large extent the answers lie in these letters.

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The changes college worked in F. D. R. were even greater than those which took place at Groton. At Harvard he found himself. One sees in the letters he wrote home how college greatly developed him, his opinions, his ability to get along with others, and his *self-confidence.*

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1947, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

REPUBLICAN LEADERS would dearly love to keep the issue of foreign relief separated from the issue of domestic inflation. But it can't be done. The two things are becoming more tightly joined all the time.

When Harry Truman outlined to a joint session of Congress last Monday the tools which he and his advisers think are needed to control rising prices, it was known in advance that the GOP leadership wouldn't go along. The Republicans will give grudging approval to some of the proposed "fringe" controls, like restrictions on instalment credit, rents, bank loans, exports and the like, but they have no intention of giving the Executive any reserve power over more important matters.

Above all, the GOP-ers are still bent on reducing taxes—not at the special session, but after January 1. The Taft-Martin-Taber-Knutson wing of the party now recognizes that it must consider European aid, but it would like to do so in an economic vacuum. The trouble is that, as the Harriman committee said, "This country, and in fact the whole world, is in the midst of a great price inflation."

The Marshall Plan, unless carefully controlled, is itself inflationary. Truman advisers just don't believe voluntary controls are enough. Prices are rising and will keep on rising unless drastic action is taken to redress Postwar Mistake No. 1—taking economic controls off too soon.

House divided. There is good prospect that Congress will vote short-term European relief fairly quickly. Long-term aid will probably be passed too, though whittled down, and after lots of debate. America has come an amazing distance in a short time, and in the forthcoming heartaches over details, this real progress should be remembered.

We heard congressmen refer repeatedly, in preliminary hearings, to their personal travel experience abroad last summer. The assorted tours of 200-odd congressmen in Europe are a fact that is influencing history. (Passing a law giving each congressman a free trip abroad every year would be sensible, and cheap at the price!) But opponents of the European Recovery Program still exist.

As the struggle unfolds, everybody is committed to *some* plan—the battle is over *which* plan. There will be flank rather than frontal attacks. If Taft, for example, ties his grim presidential aspirations to an all-out campaign to reduce the amount, he can wreck the Marshall program. Three things can ruin ERP: granting too little; tying on strings; permitting US inflation, which will sap the plan's strength.

Odd game. The Henry Luce-Roy Howard drive to include aid to Chiang Kai-shek in the Marshall program is making headway—against the wishes of Secretary Marshall himself. It's a curious affair.

Marshall probably has better first-hand knowledge of China than any other man in Washington. He knows the inefficiency, conservatism and corruption of the Chiang regime, and doesn't think money spent there, under present circumstances, will achieve the "70-percent-efficiency" goal which the State Department wants set up.

Furthermore, Marshall isn't much alarmed about Soviet intervention in China, though he agrees it's a risk. He is inclined to think if we stay out, the Russians won't try any intensive drives. But the whipped-up crusade to "aid China" is forcing the State Department to make concessions—for one thing, to gain support for the larger goal of European aid.

Thus, a total of some $300 million for China is being worked out, at about $20 million a month, for 15

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months. It seems a fair guess that a large part of the money will, indeed, go down a rathole.

"I shall return." Washington doesn't take MacArthur's presidential chances very seriously. But they are likely to affect other GOP candidates. The pipe-smoking General is a military glamor boy, and his backers appear to be trying to cash in on his assumed mass popularity, for convention trading purposes later on.

There is a guess that MacArthur will throw his votes, in the last analysis, to Taft. One thing everybody wants to see is the triumphal arrival of the Conquering Hero in the United States next spring, with some of that rare, rolling MacArthur eloquence. That should be something to wait for.

The presence of MacArthur's braided hat in the ring will have another effect; it will make potential Eisenhower supporters ask themselves, "Isn't the potential contest of two generals a little ridiculous? Do we really want a military figure in the White House?"

Noncommittal Earl. Governor Earl Warren of California has thrown in his hat. And he (if you will pardon us) is a Dark Horse of Another Color. Warren's importance is something that can be shown mathematically.

The GOP convention at Philadelphia will have 1,093 votes, which means 547 to nominate. Warren will have 55 California votes and his optimistic supporters assert, with some show of conviction, that he will have 100 West Coast votes altogether. The more candidates there are, and favorite sons, the poorer are New York's Governor Dewey's chances of tying up the convention in advance.

Warren's entrance at this juncture indicates a growing belief that Dewey doesn't have the convention in the bag. As to Warren himself? We defer to the comment of Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas (D, Calif.): "The perfect GOP candidate—no one knows what he thinks about any major issue, foreign or domestic."

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 117, NUMBER 21, ISSUE 1721, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 24, 1947 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

IN THESE melancholy months when "the old causes" seem to languish in the land, and noisy men equate progress with un-Americanism, a note of old-fashioned nationalism can sound pretty good. One such came when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare conducted a nationwide contest for the best definition of Americanism.

The winner of the first prize was Virginia Gilloon of San Diego, California, and her definition said:

"Americanism is still a hope.

"It is the hope of a nation where men and women are judged not by their race or their nationality or their religion, but by their worth as neighbors.

"It is the promise of a land, rich in the fruits of the earth, where none willing to work need fear want.

"It is the dream of a society in which citizens may try new social and political paths free from inquisitions.

"Americanism is a hope which can be fulfilled."

JOE MARTIN LINES UP

Hot talk. House Speaker Joe Martin has combined forces with the new 20-man Loyalty Review Board and the House Committee on Un-American Activities as they map a new drive on suspected persons in the government and the movies. If his speech in Fall River, Massachusetts, is any criterion, Speaker Joe may end up by taking the play away from J. Parnell Thomas.

Martin announced he would ask that the Civil Service Commission make public the names of 811 government workers dropped (without trial) for security reasons. According to Martin, the Bill of Rights is being used as a "cloak for disloyalty to the US."

This kind of hot talk contrasted with President Truman's lecture to the Loyalty Review Board last week, in which he declared that "Rumor, gossip or suspicion will not be sufficient to lead to the dismissal of an employee for disloyalty," and in which he gingerly counseled fair play for all accused persons.

LEGION DRIVE FOR UMT

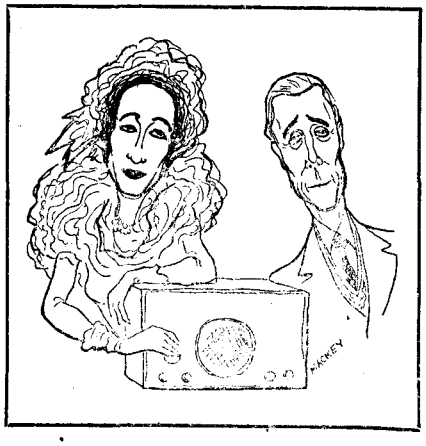
Timetable. In every town big enough to have an American Legion post, the campaign to put over Universal Military Training has started. The Legion, with high Army backing, got down to business on Armistice Day with the old jingoistic speeches. The next day, Legion headquarters in Washington issued a memo to members outlining an intensified program aimed at forcing quick congressional action when the regular session starts in January.

This is the Legion's plan of action:

1. On December 1, the Legion's *National Legionnaire* will devote its entire issue to UMT.

2. During December, local Legion UMT committees are instructed to address meetings, circulate petitions, get letters and telegrams to congressmen and secure all possible favorable publicity.

3. In the two weeks after Christmas, these committees are to poll Congress and send reports to the Legion's lobby headquarters in Washington, where the lobbyists, led by General John T. Taylor, can correlate the results.



4. The Legion will ask the President and state Governors to proclaim January 6 to 12 as UMT Week, when, according to the Legion directive, "mass meetings . . . parades, publicity stunts and all possible means will be used to bring support for UMT to a peak. . . ."

Almost drowned out so far are groups on record against UMT. The opposition, neither as militant nor as organized, includes the AFL, the CIO, the AVC, the Farm Bureau and about 200-odd civic organizations. But such groups have many other concerns and are not likely to list UMT first on their legislative agendas.

There seems little chance that the warring factions will be brought together by a compromise National Readiness Plan on which seven Republican Senators are working. Opponents are willing to accept almost any alternative. But supporters, led by the Legion, argue that anything less than UMT is not enough.

A ROYALL SNAFU

Pauley again. President Truman has failed again in his persistent effort to give oilman Ed Pauley a job of cabinet rank in the Administration. Some weeks ago the President surveyed the prospects of confirming Pauley to succeed Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall if the latter resigned to run for Governor of North Carolina.

Apparently the results of the poll were bad news, for Royall is now telling friends the President believes he is indispensable and cannot be spared even to govern North Carolina.

Note: After 1948, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. (R, Mass.) plans to sit in Royall's seat, but has even higher ambitions. Lodge doesn't especially

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Truman Speaks Out at Last

WITH unexpected vigor, President Truman, in his message to the Special Session on Monday, gave Congress clear and constructive battle plans for a war on inflation.

Passing lightly over the problem of interim aid to Europe—a matter on which the Administration already had reached substantial agreement with the GOP majority—Truman left no doubt that as far as he is concerned the Special Session is to busy itself principally with fighting spiraling prices and all that they entail.

The President's 10-point program meets the requirements of the *New Republic's* own anti-inflation program in many respects (see the *NR*, October 20).

Big ten. In order to aid Europe and to maintain domestic prosperity, the President asked Congress to:

1. Restore consumer-credit restrictions;
2. Regulate commodity speculation;
3. Extend export controls;
4. Control transportation;
5. Control use of grain for livestock feeding;
6. Expand the food-conservation program;
7. Put scarce commodities under allocation and inventory control;
8. Extend and strengthen rent control;
9. Grant the Administration power to impose consumer rationing on scarce products;
10. Grant it power to impose both price and wage ceilings if they become more necessary.

Truman's program was carefully reasoned and strongly, if not eloquently, stated. It followed the advice of his own Council of Economic Advisers as to content, and of the few remaining New Dealers in the Administration as to tone.

With this plan Truman begins to formulate a campaign platform for himself. If the Republicans refuse, as Speaker Joe Martin has strongly indicated they will, to grant the special powers to control prices and ration scarce goods, the Democrats will have at least this good issue to take to the voters next year.

Skeptics, who remember Truman's poor show on the Taft-Hartley bill, and who now question his sincerity because he failed to include the problem of inflation in his call for a special session, will be watching to see how much steam he puts behind his present proposal. They will find it hard to maintain a position of intransigent opposition if the Administration should proceed to put up a real fight for Truman's 10-point program.

Among those in labor circles most skeptical of the progressivism of the Truman administration, the prediction was made that Truman would give up inflation controls in return for a Republican promise to go along on the European Recovery Program (ERP).

To answer this skepticism, the Administration must put every ounce of strength it has into the anti-inflation fight or lay itself open to charges of bad faith during the coming campaign year.

Next: ERP. This program remains to be unveiled. Judgment as to how valid the Truman brand of ERP may be must necessarily wait for his later, separate message on the subject. Not until then will it be known whether ERP is merely the Truman Doctrine transferred to Italy, France and Austria.

Inflation control in this country quite obviously was considered necessary before any kind of effective ERP. What Truman proposed on the first score might be taken as a hopeful harbinger of what he will propose on the second.

HELEN FULLER

THE LAST STANZA

Isaac Woodard. Woody Guthrie, the singer, wrote a ballad about Isaac Woodard, the 28-year-old Negro who was beaten blind by South Carolina policemen on the day he ended four years' service as a soldier in World War II. The song tells the facts as they happened:

On February 12, 1946, young Woodard became a civilian and boarded a bus headed for Batesburg, South Carolina, where he was to meet his wife. At the first stop he asked the driver if there was time enough to go to a restroom. The driver cursed Woodard, who cursed him back. When the bus reached Batesburg, the driver, Alton Blackwell, called the police.

Blackwell justified the savage beating that followed by saying Woodard had been drunk and profane. The bus passengers testified that Woodard had been sober and orderly.

Last week Woody Guthrie could write a new stanza for his ballad. A West Virginia jury dismissed the sightless veteran's $50,000 damage suit against the Atlantic Greyhound Corporation.

THIRD PARTIES

Strong showing. The new Progressive Party, which challenged Chicago's machine rule with its own independent slate of judicial candidates in the November 4 elections, flabbergasted the professional politicians by rolling up as many as 300,000 votes for some of its candidates, or about 16 percent of the total.

Since in Illinois a party is only required to poll five percent of the vote at one election to remain on the ballot in the next, the Progressives contend that they are easily entitled to third-party rating in 1948. Democrats and Republicans are busy devising a legal excuse for overruling this claim.

In California, meanwhile, those who care which Republican gets to be President. He is busy convincing all the candidates that they want Lodge in Forrestal's post of Secretary of National Defense.

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think that a third party is the way out in 1948 are making slow progress toward assuring a place on the state ballot for themselves. With 275,970 voters'-petition signatures required before February 26, the California Independent Progressive Party has only 60,000 thus far. But it has already hired a hall for its nominating convention: August 7, 1948, in Sacramento.

SPIES IN A TEACUP

Objection overruled. Some Washington, D. C., club ladies report that the State Department has now expanded its thought-control operations. The National Democratic Women's Club there heard Dr. Basil Vlavianos, anti-monarchist Greek-American businessman, speak on European reconstruction last week only after a strange incident.

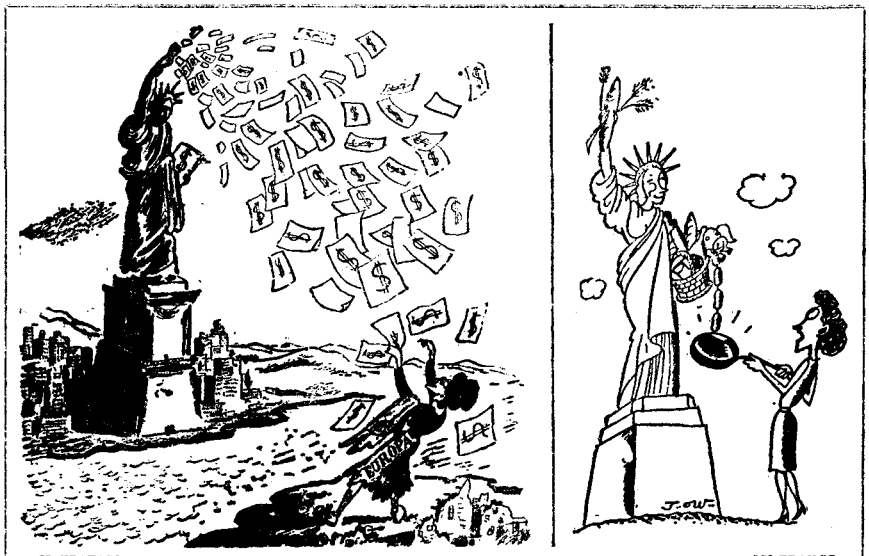
In 1943, speaking to the same club, Vlavianos had warned that US support for the British plan to restore the monarchy would produce economic and political chaos in Greece.

Two weeks ago, an official of the department's Division of Near Eastern Affairs telephoned the president of the club to say that Vlavianos was considered "almost a fellow traveler" and was unfit to address such a group. Just before the speech, the same official again telephoned the club president and told her that the department would send observers to record Vlavianos' "subversive" remarks.

State Department spokesmen declare that the telephoning objector was acting entirely on his own responsibility, not speaking for the department. The observers came and observed. The Democratic ladies now are wondering what effect this kind of espionage will have on other groups which intimidate more easily.

WAR ON THE CO-OPS

Tactics. Hearings of the House Ways and Means Committee in Washington revealed the tactics of reactionaries gunning for the co-ops. They will try to get Congress to change the law whereby patronage funds are exempt from taxation as savings payable to co-op members. Co-op leaders anticipate a hard battle against the National Tax Equity Association and others seeking to kill the coöperatives.



IL TRAVASO ICI FRANCE

TWO RIGHT-WING EUROPEAN WEEKLIES, *IL TRAVASO* (CONSERVATIVE) OF ROME AND *ICI FRANCE* (ROYALIST) OF PARIS, COMMENT SARDONICALLY ON WHAT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SYMBOLIZES TODAY

GHETTOS FOR AMERICANS

Covenants. ". . . That no part of the premises shall ever be used or occupied by non-Caucasians except in the capacity of domestic servants of the owner or tenant of the property; or sold, conveyed, leased, rented or given to any but persons of the Caucasian race. . . ."

This clause, in a deed recorded in White Plains, New York, on November 4, 1938, is typical of racial restrictive covenants which, in darkness and secrecy, have become commonplace throughout the US since Reconstruction days.

Now, for the first time in US history, the issue has been put up squarely to the Supreme Court. In December arguments will be heard on four cases involving tenancy and ownership by three Negroes and one Mohawk Indian. But the decision will determine countless other cases pending in different courts—a one-quarter-Indian woman in Hollywood, a Filipino student in San Francisco, a thrice-decorated and wounded Chinese war veteran in Los Angeles, a half-dozen Nisei veterans and their families on the West Coast, Mexicans and Armenians in New York, Jews throughout the nation and Negroes in Chicago, Cleveland, Washington and Los Angeles specifically.

The cases are so important that Attorney General Tom Clark has taken the unprecedented step of asking Supreme Court permission to present oral arguments showing that the covenants are unconstitutional.

Growing problem. Restrictive covenants have increased greatly in the last few years. Most suburbs developed since the twenties have been ringed by racial covenants against potentially expanding Negro communities.

For years appellate courts have upheld the sanctity of discriminatory covenants, but a shift in judicial opinion was indicated not long ago by an eloquent dissenting opinion handed down in the US Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. Judge Henry W. Edgerton wrote:

"Suits like these, and the ghetto system they enforce, are among our conspicuous failures to live together in peace. . . . The question in these cases is not whether law should punish racial discrimination, or even whether law should try to prevent racial discrimination, or even whether law should interfere with it in any way. The question is whether law should affirmatively support and enforce racial discrimination."

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De Gaulle: Fixed Up for Export

by Fred Suggs

PARIS (by wireless)

CORRESPONDENTS, watching Charles de Gaulle begin his first press conference since the announcement six months ago of the formation of his Rassemblement du Peuple Français, at once sensed a change in him, but we couldn't quite define it immediately. It might have been caused by the fact that we all knew this was his first appearance—it was Wednesday morning, November 12—since his Rally of the French People had triumphed in the October municipal elections.

Perhaps our overheated imaginations anticipated a dramatic announcement on this eve of a critical session of the National Assembly. You could feel the curiosity and almost electric wonderment in the room.

Then I realized what had happened. Flashbulbs were bursting all around. And de Gaulle was smiling. Yes, smiling and, *mirabile dictu*, actually coöperating genially with the cameramen.

Thus opened the conference and thus was the tone throughout—jocular, smiling, easy, confident. Only at times did the old de Gaulle flash through, as when he bellowed, "Some speak of a Russian camp and some of an American camp, but I say there is a French camp." And again, when he pounded the desk and shouted: "There must never be another Reich. Germany must be decentralized and federalized on a *Länder* level."

Change of front. The 57-year-old General had come a long way since 1940, when Churchill groaned, "The cross I have to bear is the cross of Lorraine." The frosty, stern, unbending de Gaulle who hated photographers even more than reporters, was addressing a gathering of some 300 newsmen without outward signs of agony. No more was he the person who considered himself a cross between Joan of Arc and Clemenceau. Plainly, he was out to win friends and influence people.

Two explanations of this sudden metamorphosis suggested themselves after the first shock had worn off.

The first was André Malraux, the famous novelist, the Gaullist chief of propaganda and information, who once fought in China and again with the Loyalists in Spain, and who now nodded approvingly when de Gaulle said, "I have never approved the present Spanish government but see no reason why that should prevent trade between Spain and France."

The second was Jacques Soustelle, the archeologist. Both men are de-Gaulle's closest advisers. Both sat at his right at the foot of the platform. Malraux as usual bit his nails nervously, chain-smoking; Soustelle, as impassive as Malraux is volatile, gazed owlishly out of black-rimmed glasses under thick black brows.

Malraux, as chief propagandist with great experience abroad, especially in the US, and Soustelle, as secretary-general of the RPF, know and value propaganda and the importance of getting rid of de Gaulle's reputation for austerity, asceticism, unfriendliness, and especially those authoritarian mannerisms which reveal too much of the man.

Malraux had invited the 300 newsmen and many of them were from abroad—the US in particular was well represented. It was plain that he and Soustelle were doing a publicity-selling job on a "new de Gaulle" who was a "good guy" whom Americans would like and trust, who had nothing to do with the old de Gaulle with his scowling, Mussolinian grimaces and his Hitlerian taste for carrying on in the rug-chewing tradition.

Same goal. Whatever the reasons and whoever the mentors, de Gaulle had unquestionably undergone a public-personality change. But the startling changes ended there. His political objectives—accession to power under a new constitution creating a "strong executive"—remained unchanged. His economic program was still conspicuous by its absence—for example, he said, "I have no program, I have only objectives. A program is only a prospectus used by politicians."

DRAWING BY LYFORD

All of this, of course, was straight out of Mussolini's book, indeed almost a direct quotation. He still insisted that his "rally" was a movement, not a political party.

These theories still sounded to most observers like totalitarianism, going the one-party system one better by having none at all.

"Separatists." The press conference was held in the building in fashionable Rue François Premier, where not long ago de Gaulle made peace with the right-wing generals who had split with him after the liberation because he consented to permit Communists in his provisional government. At the meeting with the generals, he embraced them and promised never again to permit communism in France. Now, he has gone so far that he won't even use the word "Communists"; he calls them "separatists."

Early in the conference de Gaulle denounced the "separatists" and predicted that the "RPF will englobe the entire nation in a tidal wave, leaving some few grim and melancholy dissidents stranded on the shore. Their feeble ranting will have no more effect than spit in the ocean."

There is one revealing aspect of the Gaullists' attitude toward the difference between themselves and the "separatists." When the Communists polled almost six million votes in national elections three times in a row, making

(*Continued on page 38*)

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ITALY: TALKS OF PEACE AND CIVIL WAR

by Michael Straight

ITALIANS today live on the ragged edge of hunger. All of the confusions, frustrations and economic strictures that are the classic preludes to civil war are present in Italy today.

On a recent evening in Rome, Randolfo Pacciardi and Palmiro Togliatti came to dinner. Pacciardi, big and humorous, once a brigade commander in Loyalist Spain, heads the Republican Party, the independent, liberal movement founded by Mazzini to unify Italy. Togliatti, small and shrewd, is secretary of the Communist Party of Italy.

Italy's dilemma. On Italy's condition they agreed. "We are no longer a beaten nation," Pacciardi said, "but we are not yet independent and free. We are a progressive people living under feudalism. We are a proud people living under the Church. No social revolution ever occurred here to create a smallholders' class. We are rich or wretched. And yet, with one foot on the land and one foot in the Church, our peasants stand still.

"At the war's end," Pacciardi continued, "everything cried out for social revolution. Outwardly we accomplished our revolution when we overthrew the monarchy and established the Republic. Inwardly, nothing has changed.

"A mere handful own our land and our resources. The fascists are still at their posts. Only the top layer of war criminals have gone. The rest were never moved or have returned. They run our great newspapers. They fill government posts. They work to regain in the third war what they lost in the second." He laughed. "Formerly," he said, "the King, to gather votes, distributed medals by the thousands for loyalty to the regime. There were mountains of his medals left when we threw him out; so now the government distributes them. That is our revolution!

"For all this," Pacciardi added, "we hold America and Britain largely to blame. As the occupying powers, they thwarted our social revolution and brought the old order back.

"Only a government of the Left can save Italy today," he went on. "Yet one fact alone is important. We have about one million tons of grain for the coming winter. We need three million tons. Without grain from the United States we shall all be dead by spring.

"We are completely dependent on America. And if the Left should win next spring's elections, all of us believe that America would cut off her supplies. Then the resulting economic crisis would break us, and drive the Left as hunted guerrillas into the hills. So, despite everything, the Left must wait until Italy can afford to be free."

Togliatti smiled: "Pacciardi is generous, but he suffers from many illusions!"

"Are they illusions?" Pacciardi cried. "Look at Greece! Look at Spain! Whatever social problems we may face, I say the Communists must accept a minority position today!"

Togliatti smiled again. "If we were a small party, such as the Communist Parties of Britain and America, Pacciardi would be right," he said. "But we are a big party, with the majority of the workers, and in some areas, the majority of the peasants. As a party of a million and a half members, last year we polled four million votes. Now we are a party of 2.3 million.

PALMIRO TOGLIATTI

You can't suppress us and you can't create a democracy without us!"

"And yet you cannot take power today," Pacciardi answered, "so why not encourage the Socialists to participate in the present government to make it more representative?"

"No," Togliatti said. "We are a constructive movement. The greatest cities of Italy—Genoa, Bologna, Livorno, Florence—are governed by us. We are the great majority in the trade-union movement with its seven million members. We insist on participation. Pacciardi believes that if he were in the government he would protect us against de Gasperi. Instead, de Gasperi would use him to suppress us!"

American intervention. Soon after the war's end, the leader of the resistance, Ferruccio Parri, formed a coalition government in Italy. But Parri, who had struggled with the problems of war and Nazi occupation, found the problems of peace and Allied occupation insoluble. With American assistance, de Gasperi, leader of the Christian Democrats, formed a new government and eased out the Left.

If a coalition government could not meet your economic and social problems last year, why should a coalition government succeed today? I asked Togliatti.

"Every act of Parri's had to be approved by Military Government," Togliatti answered, "and still we won the republic. Today we refuse to accept Pacciardi's position that Italy must wait and wait."

"Of course there is an international problem," Togliatti told me. "Without American intervention there would be a coalition government in Italy today. Whatever threats America makes, Italians next March will vote as they choose. They will choose the Communists and the Socialists, and we shall lead in forming a coalition government. The answer to Pacciardi's dilemma is not to enslave Italians, but to educate Americans."

The government seems to be at the

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mercy of the economic situation. Food prices are up sixtyfold since 1938. Net wages have risen thirty-eightfold. In six months of 1947, the cost of living rose a further 50 percent. The government has given up social reform and is concentrating on increased production, gambling on the old feudal system of landholding and on a few great monopolies in industry.

Agriculture and industry. The old landlord-tenant relationship is still in force, and food production, at three-quarters of prewar levels for a population 10 percent greater, is less than last year. Only 1,600 calories of food per person each day is raised in Italy. Only grain, olive oil, sugar are controlled and rationed and the black market is universal. Wheat production, less than last year, is down to 68 percent of prewar levels; rice and potatoes are just getting back to normal. Tomatoes, vegetables, olive oil alone are up. The acreage given to basic controlled produce is declining, while luxury crops increase. Herds are held from the market for a rise in prices. Fertilizer, terribly short, is diverted to production of luxury items. Italy, half-starved, is growing low-calory produce for the black market.

In industry, the workers at the war's end demanded nationalization of the great corporations bought and run by the Nazis. They were returned to their former owners. Now the demand for joint councils of management and workers is denied by the government.

DRAWINGS BY IVAN OPFFER

ALCIDE DE GASPERI

The concentration of monopoly, intensified by the channeling to a few firms of American aid from the Export-Import Bank, is greater than ever. Again, the black market is universal and diverts production into luxury lines. Thirty percent of Italy's industrial capacity is idle today.

In the Viminale, whose walls are covered still by fascist murals, we talked to Alcide de Gasperi. He spoke of the key shortages of fertilizer, rolling stock and electricity that held production down. He mentioned the inadequacy of American aid. He had come from a meeting of a committee to reduce prices. He admitted that the method of curtailing credits equally to all firms bore unequally on small businessmen. He could see no other way. Our embassy spoke solely of the danger of communism. But that is hardly the point. The Italian government is failing to meet the economic crisis.

Fascist danger? Every political leader I talked to answered yes. "There are many small fascist movements today," Pacciardi said, "and if the economic situation worsens, they will unite." "The industrialists are raising special funds now to fight progress," Togliatti added. "In time of strikes, groups of *squadristi* have reappeared. The appeal is considerable to all the dispossessed. The Vatican remains in the background to collect the fruits. And yet we are not Germany. The anti-Fascist spirit is predominant even in our middle class. Nationalism has no appeal to our people; and fascism had no mass appeal in wartime. Even," he grinned, "to the generals—and there were masses of them."

The Communist program. "To prevent fascism," Togliatti added, "we will fight."

Is it likely that in other circumstances, the Communists, starting in local governments in the north, will take power? I asked.

"No," Togliatti answered. "At present we don't want communism in Italy. We stand simply for an end to foreign intervention, for the control of industry, and for agrarian reform. We want an advanced democracy to prevent the return of fascism. We want to nationalize chemical production, mining, electricity, the banks, about as much as in Britain—and without this much," he added (and Pacciardi agreed), "foreign aid can't be converted into increased production."

Would you form a government alone? I asked.

"The Communists, acting alone," Togliatti answered, "cannot solve the problems of Italy today. Only in coalition with other democratic parties can we help to solve Italy's crisis."

If a government of the Left were denied US aid, would it exist? I asked.

"Of course," he said. "Before the war Central and Eastern Europe were Italy's great markets until Germany drove us out. Germany no longer exists, and yet our trade there is unimportant because America opposes it. We need American supplies, and we oppose only the conditions on which they are granted. But we shall develop far more trade with Eastern Europe. And America should support us, for then the relief burden on America will be reduced."

The structure of the Left. What would a Left coalition be today? Among the parties of the Left, the Communists are much the most powerful. Pietro Nenni's Socialists, although a mass party, were almost evenly split in the Assembly when Giuseppe Saragat formed a new party on an anti-Communist basis. The Republican Party and Ferruccio Parri's Action Party lost heavily in the last election, reflecting the polarization of Left and Right that is taking place the world over. Within the trade unions, Giuseppe Di Vittorio, the tough Communist leader of the Italian Labor Federation, told me, Communists and Communist sympathizers represent 60 percent; the Socialists, 25 percent; the Catholics, 11 percent; and Saragat, one percent. The Christian Democrats, still the largest party, are gaining by absorption of the parties of the Right.

Progressives' strategy. Giuseppe Saragat, a big, impressive man, said, "Against fascism, the struggle was clear. Against communism it is harder,

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because communism has a basis of justice. Our task is to prevent conflict, because if the issue once comes to civil war we are all finished. Continuing poverty will bring communism. But how are we to end poverty? We have no coal, no gas, no oil, no cotton or wool. We are threatened on both sides, and if de Gaulle takes power in France, our position will be much worse."

"There are two kinds of opposition to communism," Pacciardi told us. "Intelligent opposition, which means vigorous pressure for social reform. And hysterical anti-communism, which leads to fascism. Long before we form a progressive government, we must achieve unity of the non-Communist Left. That means, first unity among the Socialists, then partnership between Socialists and Republicans."

The Communists. Nenni, a quick and incisive figure, disagreed. "The strength of the Church in Italy compels the alliance of Communists and Socialists," he said. "Without it, the Church would rule undisputed for 50 years. Of course the Communists are attached to the USSR. But they are a national party, and will remain so unless the struggle between the US and the USSR reaches a state of war."

I asked if the Cominform made cooperation harder. "It has made no difference," Nenni said. "It was an act of defense. I have traveled through Poland and heard the Church and the Right tell the people that America is coming to liberate them from Russia and to return the land to the old owners. They live in fear.

"Internally, we and the Communists are in agreement," he continued. "Of course we have differences. We are for the Marshall Plan, although its identification with the Truman Doctrine alarms us and all real democrats. As a government, we shall stand for the independence of Italy from East and West. They want an alliance with Russia. But they will accept our position."

Are you certain, I asked, that by cooperation with the Communists you are not preparing the way for a one-party dictatorship?

"We are a mass party with roots," he answered, "and we are not afraid."

Nenni is unique among Western European Socialists today. His position, I am sure, is no personal predilection but a reflection of the militant spirit of the Italian workers. "They are nationalists," an American official told me, "and the Cominform has alerted them. But Saragat broke with the Communists without any mass issues, and he has little strength today." There is pressure for a further split of the Socialist Party in which Ivan Matteo Lombardo, a young leader in Nenni's party, is a key figure. But Lombardo, to whom we spoke, is not talking division now.

We spent an evening with Ignazio Silone, the great novelist, and Sergio Amidei, the author of the screenplays for the brilliant movies, "The Open City" and "Shoe-Shine." Amidei is a Communist. Silone said, "I am neither Communist nor anti-Communist; I have founded a new party, the Socialists of Europe, because I don't believe in national socialism any more. But at heart I am turning again to creative writing, where I belong, because I doubt if much good will come out of politics in the next 10 years."

America's role. Di Vittorio pounded his fist on the table. "Our largest newspapers praised Mussolini until six months ago," he said. "Now they praise America and de Gasperi." "Without America we starve, and with America we are still starving," Nenni said.

A banker begged to see us. "I am a liberal," he said. "I know little of politics, but I know that America is blackmailing Italy, Italy is blackmailing America, and as the result democracy is dying here! You are driving us into extremes of Right and Left! We vote conservative because we believe that only by going Right can we prove to America that we are worthy of aid. That must mean that America thinks that the Right can protect Italy against revolution! Is it possible that America can be so stupid? The Right can protect us against nothing! And much as I hate the Communists, I beg you to tell America that they have no intention of taking Italy over today!"

On the walls of Rome, Saragat's election slogans are covered with Communist strips, "Made in US with the dollars of Antonini." Luigi Antonini of the ILGWU did provide the funds to start Saragat's party and his newspaper, and if any progressive in Italy defends America, it is Saragat.

GIUSEPPE SARAGAT

"Recovery is our one hope for saving Italian democracy," Saragat said. "And the Marshall Plan is our one hope of recovery. But if the Marshall Plan is a means of bolstering the Right, it will fail. None of us can support it.

"America," he added, "must learn to speak to the people. Molotov attacks Italy and the people support him. Byrnes defends Italy and the people mistrust him because you haven't learned how to approach the people themselves. It isn't enough to be no worse than other nations. You must be the best. But today, your actions in Greece and Spain are as bad as any nation's. And your aid must be freed from political intervention.

"America is decisive for us, and still our ideal. But you are losing. Until you can make democracy mean something in economic terms, our workers will look on your democracy and you as a mockery. Russia has the Communists to speak powerfully in her defense. We Socialists cannot speak for you, and that gives you an added responsibility to speak clearly yourselves in terms that we can understand." I nodded, and he asked, "How many other Americans would nod in agreement?" "Not many right now," I said. Saragat smiled sadly.

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HENRY WALLACE

Palestine, Food and Chiang Kai-shek

IN MY ARTICLES on Palestine I stressed the need for developing the Jordan River Valley for both power and irrigation. I want to underscore that statement, because the successful partition of Palestine is only one step in the problem of rehabilitating the displaced persons who want to live there, and the UN decision will be only one step in building the two new states. Several hundred thousand acres must be brought under irrigation in the Negev before the many thousands of people who want to go and are entitled to go to Palestine can enjoy a decent standard of living. At the same time, the problem of peaceful, neighborly coöperation between the Arabs and the Jews will depend on an economic program that will raise enormously the standard of living of the Arab people.

The first step after partition is an accomplished fact is to get the financing for a Jordan Valley Authority that will serve not only the Jews and Arabs in Palestine, but also the Arabs in the valley land on the east bank of the Jordan. The 1.2 million Arabs in Palestine and the 330,000 Arabs in Transjordan can create for themselves a new, far higher standard of living if they will coöperate with their Jewish brothers in the fruitful use of capital for irrigation and power.

They can, by demonstration, show the way to their brothers in Iraq, Saudi Arabia and all other Arab states. The phosphate deposits north of Amman can be developed; potash is available in the Dead Sea. Worked by cheap power, these materials would provide in abundance the nitrogen-rich fertilizer which the land so sorely needs. With proper development of the area the population of the Arab peoples could be quadrupled and the Middle East would become one of the most profitable markets in the world.

The money needed for a full-scale, self-liquidating Jordan Valley Authority should be raised internationally, probably through the World Bank, because development in this area is truly a world problem.

Aside from partition, the question of the DP's, both Jewish and non-Jewish, demands prompt action along two other lines. First there is the Stratton bill, which ought to be the first item of business in Congress next January. Going along with the Stratton bill, we should use our power to get United Nations action under which each nation would agree to accept as immigrants its fair and specific share of the DP's. Every nation with undeveloped resources should be delighted to bring in a considerable number of DP's. Human beings, it is often forgotten, are the most valuable of all imports. If an imported cow is worth $250, how much is a young immigrant worth?

All of us have forgotten too soon that there are still hundreds of thousands of people to be helped, and that the wealthiest nation in the world has not yet done its share to aid these victims of Hitler. If we do our part, we shall be benefited, not harmed. Once the United States was looked on as a haven of refuge for the oppressed of the world. Today we are earning a reputation as the smug center of reaction. By pushing resolutely for the partition of Palestine, by passing the Stratton bill in the 80th Congress, and by using our influence in the United Nations to get every country, on the basis of its resources, to provide asylum for the displaced persons, we can free our consciences of what otherwise would be an indelible sense of shame.

An Ever Normal Diet

THE ECONOMISTS of the US Department of Agriculture are some of the wisest people in government (see "Planning an Ever Normal Diet," the *NR*, October 27).

I have known many government servants, but there are none whom I would rate higher. The farm program which they submitted to Secretary Anderson is excellent. It is based on the doctrine of abundance, not scarcity. It contains a streamlined, up-to-date version of most of the devices we worked out 15 years ago.

Anderson is going to need all the help he can get to put it through Congress. If a program of this sort is not inaugurated, the day will come when farmers who this year are making substantial profits will face disastrous losses.

So far as 1948 is concerned, there is not much reason to be worried about most farmers if substantial foreign aid is passed by Congress. European aid of more than $5 billion under the Marshall Plan will create purchas-

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ing power which will cause continued inflation in most farm-product prices. Such aid could delay the big agricultural smash for several years. But sooner or later, the crash will come, and an "ever-normal-diet" program would be a help to the people in the cities.

There is still need, however, for a comprehensive program that will help the small family-sized farm and the part-time farm.

The Department of Agriculture must be more than the spearhead for the pressure group which represents the large farmers who produce 70 percent of the food but only about 40 percent of the human values of the next generation. The department can contribute immensely to the American way of life by expanding its scientific services to the small farmer and his neighbor, the part-time farmer, who has a job in town but who keeps a cow and some chickens and grows a garden and some fruit.

We are helping the real America when we help these little people—North, South, East and West. And the answer is different in every section, and it is different for the farms close to town than it is for the little self-sufficing farm back in the hills.

Some useful assistance can be given these farmers without further congressional action. In 1936, I started a new type of agricultural yearbook which put out the latest authoritative scientific word on the various branches of agriculture, beginning with genetics and continuing through soils, nutrition, animal diseases, weather, etc.

The Second World War stopped the series. One of the projected yearbooks had to do with the problems of small farmers and part-time farmers. I had set up a special committee in the Rural Electrification Administration, looking toward making life easier on the small, non-commercial farm.

The small farmer in this country has never had friends in Congress, very few friends in the Farm Bureau and not enough friends in the Department of Agriculture. I hope, now that the department is again bringing out yearbooks, that it will soon bring out one designed to deal with the problems of the small farmer and the part-time farmer.

Look East and South

IN SOME LIBERAL QUARTERS there has been a tendency to look at the Marshall Plan and interpret the excellent principle of planned rehabilitation—including self-help and American aid—as the very core of American foreign policy.

I wish it were so.

But last week President Truman showed that we have not abandoned the costly and dangerous policy of giving aid—primarily military aid—to reactionary regimes. He indicated that there might be need for additional appropriations to support the Greek and Turkish programs.

The next day, Secretary Marshall appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and outlined a program of foreign aid which included an additional $300 million for the utterly corrupt dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek (see "A Chinese Village Goes Red," page 14).

I have consistently advocated the use of available American resources to help peoples abroad, but I am unalterably opposed to additional aid for the present Kuomintang government. Chiang cannot win in China.

I know the Chinese people. And I know that sooner or later they will replace the present government. When they do, any debts incurred by Chiang will probably be repudiated. Additional aid for Chiang Kai-shek is an investment in enmity. We shall turn a great people, who should be our friends, completely against us if we persist in supporting their oppressor.

Secretary Marshall, who had a complete program for standardizing arms in South America, had no program for positive, constructive economic aid for the Latin American republics. When he was asked about aid for these countries, which we have spurred into programs of heavier and increased armaments, Marshall replied that requests would be handled by the Export-Import Bank.

At the Conference of Chapultepec in 1945 we recognized "the urgent need to improve the economic, social and cultural conditions of the American republics." We have taken leadership only in the armaments program. Today arms in Latin America are being used by several governments for the purpose of breaking strikes and interfering with the legitimate organizing activities of workers. Such is our present contribution to improving the "economic, social and cultural conditions of the American republics."

It is time for the United States to adopt a policy which recognizes that starvation is just as inhuman in the sections of the world where there is no "Red menace"; that civil liberties are as important in China and Latin America as they are in Eastern Europe; and that a double-standard policy will gain us no friends. We should look at the problem whole—look to the East and the South, as well as to Western Europe; this is still one world, even if there are forces on both sides of it trying to divide it in two. H. W.

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A CHINESE VILLAGE GOES RED

Their democracy may be theoretical, but the peasants in China's Communist provinces live better than they ever did before

by Robert P. Martin

SHANGHAI (by airmail)

FROM THE AIR, the clusters of yellow clay huts dotting northern Shantung and Hopeh Provinces resemble giant, mottled mushrooms thriving cheerfully in an eye-filling, brown wasteland unaffected by war. But this view, or perspective, gained from a swift flight across North China, is a misleading one, perhaps as much so as a quizzical glance at China from Capitol Hill in Washington. For it is in the villages of North China, not in the decaying, corrupt pseudo-Western cities such as Shanghai and Tientsin, that one finds the soul of China's civil war.

From these villages come the men who trudge from one battlefield to another in the continuously eddying struggle. Over the pathways radiating in a spiderweb pattern from each village comes the grain that feeds the armies and holds back the ever present spectre of famine for a few short months until the next harvest.

Shaohuangchang (literally "Little Yellow Village") is one of these villages—and one which I visited recently. In its poverty, its ingrown culture, its deep suspicion of the new or the alien, it resembles every other village in North China. From dawn to near-dusk it is a quiescent, amorphous mass. Only the very young or the very old remain in the dim, musty huts to show that life still exists.

The men and the women who make up the 100 families of Shaohuangchang spend their days in the fields, laboriously scratching at the encrusted topsoil with their primitive hoes. Occasionally one sees naked, brown-skinned youngsters playing in the warm shadows etched in an uneven pattern by the ragged eaves. But other youngsters, who, in America, would be playing baseball or attending school, roam the fields searching for edible roots and grasses, or fish in the slimy pool at the edge of the village.

This pattern of rural life has existed without change for countless centuries, except for the momentary violence of invasion, flood or famine; on such a pattern, the pressures of war make only a negligible mark. Fifty miles to the north, fighting flares briefly and spasmodically, but it passes unnoticed in the village except when wounded soldiers are carried through to the rear. The even tenor of life is disturbed only occasionally by the Nationalist P-51's which roam the sky with impunity.

The family circle. It is in the slow, laborious talk of the villagers, the painful attempt to understand novel political ideas and the final wistful retreat into the closed circle of family life that one discovers how civil war and the march of a revolutionary party and philosophy have twisted the lives of these peasants almost beyond recognition.

This malformation is not seen in the heavily lined, sun-browned face of the peasant as he straggles in from his fields at night. His cotton shirt is black and heavy with sweat; his body is strong with the fumes of newly spread manure. He still stands in the open courtyard of his hut and sluices the grime of the fields from his body with buckets of water brought by his younger sons.

Nevertheless, this peasant, as he stands there, nude, his belly muscles taut and his nostrils sucking greedily at the odor of warm, steamed bread, is the symbol of Communist China, the clay with which the Communist molds his own image, the ultimate prize for which China's war is being fought.

The Communist knows the peasant is the source of his strength in the war for survival. Consciously or unconsciously, he has identified himself with the peasant; he is obsessed with the phrases *"min chu,"* which literally means "people's domain," and *"lao pai hsing,"* or "old hundred names," the popular term for the peasant. These two phrases stud the conversation of Communists, new and old.

The army is first. Although the difference is subtle, the conclusion is inescapable that China's peasant lives better and has a greater measure of freedom under the Communists than under the Kuomintang. In the Kuomintang areas, the army is first, last and always. In the Communist zones, the army is first but the peasant is a close second. Commodity prices are comparatively stable and inflation, although it exists, is far less than in Kuomintang China.

Also, there is a strict separation of military and civilian government in Communist China, in contrast to the Kuomintang areas where the military is all-powerful. The Communists have abandoned forced conscription for the army or labor corps and have substituted a velvety volunteer system which has the same results but is not felt so acutely.

The Communist armies, far smaller

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than those of the Nationalists, are highly mobile. They march immense distances before staging offensives. Because they are not quartered for months in one place, as are the Nationalist armies, the Communist villages do not have the burden of supporting unproductive troops. The local self-defense corps, which are assigned the task of parrying Nationalist patrols or blunting tentative thrusts, fight only in their own areas, thus reserving time to care for their fields.

But the real measure of the improved well-being of the peasant in Communist areas is found in the land reforms, the link that the Communist forged to bind the peasant to him.

No longer does the peasant in Communist China see the fruits of his labor swallowed by the landlord, the usurer or the government. Perhaps he fears that some day his landlord, under the protection of the Nationalist armies, may return and take a terrible revenge. Perhaps the peasant, who is conservative, as are most tillers of the soil, dislikes many of the methods used by the Communists to liquidate the landlords and to distribute the land. But he hides his fear and dislike, and lives today in a greater contentment than he has ever before enjoyed.

Unaccustomed to freedom. One should not make the mistake, however, of concluding that China's peasant is completely and wholeheartedly Communist. Communist officials admit that theirs is an unending task of education and propaganda.

"The peasants have been oppressed so long that they cannot become accustomed to the idea of not being oppressed," one official told me.

The struggle for the loyalty of North China's peasants was joined on May 4, 1946. From Yenan, at that time the capital of Communist China, came the order to raise the old slogan: "Those who work the land must own it; those who own the land must work it."

The order was not put into effect in Shaohuangchang until early this year, when the former puppet troops, incorporated into the Nationalist armies after V-J Day, had finally been driven

PRINTS FROM CHINA WOODCUT STUDY ASSOCIATION

northward. What happened reveals the harshness of life and the depth of bitterness to which the Chinese peasant has become accustomed.

Seven landlords had owned for several generations the lands which fed Shaohuangchang and a neighboring village. The peasant families were serfs in the strictest sense, because the landlords controlled the local militia and were the instruments of the Nanking government. They held the power of life and death over every family. As did most landlords in occupied China, these men collaborated with the Japanese. When the puppets retreated to the north, all but three of the landlords went with them. These were quickly arrested by the Communists.

Members of a propaganda team talked to the peasants, urging them to tell the story of the wrongs they had suffered. Slogans were pasted in the two villages urging the peasants to "recover your land" and "kill your enemies." The propaganda team searched for and found younger men who could serve as catalysts at meetings to inflame their more conservative elders. Riotous "settle-accounts" meetings were held in which the peasants accused the landlords of oppression and collaboration.

When emotions had reached their peak—several villagers said that this was when "we grew too angry"—a sentence of *"k'ua"* was voted by acclamation. *"K'ua"* literally means "more than 13 strikes," and villagers describing it said, "You know they died slowly."

A favorite story concerned an old woman whose son had been killed by one landlord. After the landlord died from his beating, the story goes, she stripped and cooked a piece of flesh from his back and ate it, remarking: "Now, my son, I have revenged you."

Tax-free "mou." The next step was to distribute the confiscated land. The Communists had previously established model villages in which they trained selected leaders on the problems of redistribution. After the needs of each family had been studied and the proportion of land each family should receive determined, the village debated and approved this plan. In Shaohuangchang every member of each family was given the equivalent of approximately a half-acre of land.

To ensure that each family grew enough for its own needs, the Border Government decreed that one *mou* (one-sixth of an acre) should be en-

The China Woodcut Study Association —a cooperative whose members have been persecuted for their liberal political views—can supply prints of many Chinese woodcuts. Information may be obtained from the New Republic.

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tirely tax-free. A progressive tax was levied on each family's holdings above this one *mou*.

Two landlords in a nearby village who had been adjudged not guilty of oppression and who had aided the Communists against the Japanese were allowed to retain more land than the average distributed among the peasants. Communist officials explained that it would be impractical to reduce the living standard of these landlords to the peasant level.

"Our policy is not to destroy all landlords, but only to restore land to the peasant," the officials explained. "The landlord who retains some land works willingly with us, and that means that the village has greater unity."

Village responsibility. One of these landlords with whom I talked in the fields seemed to be content despite the loss of his large holdings. Because of his previous good relations with the peasants he had been elected to the village council. I asked him what possibility there was that the Nationalists would return and what would be his attitude.

"We don't worry too much about the Kuomintang now," he said. "The Palu [Eighth Route Army] beat the Japanese and the puppets and they can defeat the Kuomintang too."

The Communists, recognizing that their strength is in the masses which supply them with food and fresh troops, expend tremendous energy in propagandizing the peasants to "defend your land." To help their recruiting, they have developed village "Mutual Aid Labor Teams" which are responsible for tilling and harvesting the land of any man who joins the army. If the volunteer is killed or wounded, the village also shares with the government the responsibility of caring for the soldier's family. I talked to several families who had lost sons in the war; they agreed that the government always fulfilled its obligations.

In the village of Shaohuangchang the peasant does not know democracy as Americans understand it, with its freedoms and responsibilities. But he has a feeling of participation in his own destiny and knows that, strict as his officials are in enforcing Communist dogma and regulations, his government is far less corrupt than any he has known in his lifetime.

In the cool of one evening, I watched the "assembly" where the villagers practised the "democracy" that the Communists had taught them. Little knots of peasants formed, broke and reformed inside a compound of moldering yellow walls, as the men talked. Young boys raced from group to group pouring cups of hot water from the swanlike necks of their teapots.

The assembly was to discuss improvements on a highway leading to the nearby Grand Canal. Two officials explained how this highway would help the farmers in bringing their grain from the field. The improvement would also make it easier to transport relief supplies and help the army "defend their land," indicating that higher authority had suggested the highway be built. There was no passionate oratory; the speakers presented the facts and outlined how much labor each villager would have to contribute. The project was finally approved.

I asked one Communist official whether all village meetings were conducted with as little opposition as this one.

"Oh, no," he said. "Quite often there are long arguments, but we talk it out and finally everybody understands what is good for the village. Then we have unity. You see, unity is very important."

Unity apparently is the key to the "new democracy" of which the Communists boast. It seems certain that organized opposition on any scale would not be tolerated, even if it existed. Local criticism is permitted so long as it does not touch fundamental policy and does not interfere with either the war or the drive for increased production.

Window-dressing. Democracy in Communist China seems to be a precisely defined political philosophy that has an immense theoretic grandeur but considerably less than that in its application. The exigencies of civil war and the political backwardness of the Chinese peasant have forced the Communists away from their avowed ideal toward a practical economic equality with a gaudy window-dressing of political democracy. The firm, dogmatic hand of Communist leadership is easily discerned in every government echelon from the highest to the lowest.

Village democracy as I saw it in east Hopeh and north Shantung somewhat resembles the historic New England town government. The village is the basic political unit and mass meetings are held to discuss every question of interest. Voting is by acclamation, but before any decision is reached, local officials, party representatives and trained youths provide leadership which guarantees the vote that the Communists want.

What is developing is a "democracy" of mass propaganda and education. The Communists are making distinct efforts to create an official and governmental class, at least on the lower levels, from the raw peasant material. As this movement spreads in direct ratio to the increasing political consciousness of the masses, Communists and others who support it gain greater power. This is the natural reward for providing dynamic leadership.

The peasants elect their representatives to the *hsien* (county) assemblies

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and the *Nung Huei,* or Agricultural Associations, which guide and control the peasant economy and local defense organizations. The highest collective body in this border area is the 560-member People's Council. This council meets in a general session each year to prepare the budget, consider new laws and elect the government from its own membership.

This government consists of an Executive Council of 51 members which meets for 15 days every six months to consider administrative problems. While only 18 of the council members are Communists, it is inevitable that any man reaching this high position is considered completely trustworthy by the Communists. For instance, scholarly 61-year-old Governor Yang Hsiu-feng, who was educated in France and later taught in Peiping, told me he was a "Bolshevik outside of the party."

Puppet trial. The ruthlessness of the Communists in preparing the groundwork for this political development can be seen in newly captured cities. When the Communists in mid-June captured the city of Tsanghsien, their own civil government came in the wake of the troops. Screening committees were swiftly organized. The Communists had a list of former puppets and of 16 mayors of various villages who had previously fled from the Communists. Also screened were 30,000 refugees, most of them landlords or the rich. Communist officials tersely stated that "former puppets will be tried by the people's court if they have injured the people."

Martial law was declared and the city was placed under dusk-to-dawn curfew. For two days, farmers coming from the countryside were denied entrance to the city as the screening continued. Informants were used freely. The city was a vacuum; shops were closed and civilians huddled fearfully in their houses.

As far as this correspondent could determine, however, no one whose conscience was free regarding collaboration with the Japanese had any reason to fear. Communist retribution was firm but just.

When the new military governor, General Ma Lung, entered the city he was greeted by a cheering populace and hundreds of fluttering flags. This correspondent could not assess the sincerity of this demonstration because I have seen civilians welcoming Nationalist troops in a similar manner when the Communists retreated. Much of their enthusiasm probably stemmed from relief at not having been killed during the fighting.

An inevitable concomitant of the ceaseless Communist pressure on the peasants of North China is the anti-American campaign now in full flower. America has become the whipping boy of the Communists; blame for the continued civil war is heaped indiscriminately on the US Government, which is caricatured as an evil octopus intent on swallowing a China that is still resisting imperialism.

In Nationalist territory near Tientsin I heard for the first time in many years the expression *"lao mei,"* which literally means "old American," a term of respectful affection widely used by peasants who have known American missionaries. The phrase, however, is never heard in Communist areas only a few miles to the south. The hatred of the peasants in Communist areas against Americans is not as organic as was the hatred of the Indian nationalists for the British. But it exists and it is increasing.

This anti-Americanism seems to have been superimposed intellectually and has not yet found physical expression or outlet. When American planes, flown by Chinese pilots, were bombing and strafing villages and workmen on the Yellow River project, there was a deep fear of and a caustic bitterness against Americans. The peasant, uneducated and ill informed, was convinced that American pilots were flying those planes. I argued this question with one peasant and his answer was heavy with finality:

"When we fought Japan, China had no air force. The only planes which ever bombed the Japanese were American. They must be bombing us, because Chinese cannot fly such big planes."

Communist officials have convinced themselves that US Army officers are directing Nationalist strategy. The Communists argued that two American military attachés captured in Manchuria by the Communists early this year should have been executed, because their reports "went direct to Nanking, where they were used to make war against us."

The fists of children. The list of misconceptions of American aid to the Nationalists is staggering. Many officials claim that even before Japan was defeated, American pilots were parachuting Kuomintang agents into Communist areas. The Communists believe we have given Generalissimo Chiang battleships, aircraft carriers and cruisers. Actually we have given him no warships larger than destroyers.

This correspondent was held more or less incommunicado for four days because a *Life* photographer in our group had taken pictures of a pontoon bridge over which troops were crossing for an attack on Tsanghsien.

Local military authorities had given permission to take the pictures, but when a higher echelon received the report, orders were issued to hold all of the UNRRA personnel and other Americans in the area. We were not permitted to communicate with Tientsin by UNRRA radio. During those four days I was requested not to talk to peasants or townspeople, except when accompanied by an official.

We were finally granted permission

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to see the army officer who had ordered us interned. For two hours we waited in a hot, bare room in a decrepit hut. When the commander summoned us, we stepped into what two hours before had been a deserted dusty street, winding between high mud walls. The commander apparently had used those two hours to good advantage: the street was flooded with a thin line of Chinese children. When their leader, a 14-year-old girl, saw us, she raised her hand in a clenched-fist salute and in a shrill voice shouted: "Americans, leave China."

Her followers jackknifed their grimy little fists, echoing the cry. We marched down the street trailing the parade as the youngsters shouted, "Down with American fascism" and "Americans, quit killing peasants."

The demonstration was deadly serious at first, but when we grinned at the children they smiled back self-consciously. Occasionally they forgot to parrot their leader. She, however, realized her frailty and refused to look at us. Finally, the temptation became too strong, and when we reached the commander's house she cautiously glanced at us over her shoulder. We were still grinning, rather painfully it is true, but the spell was broken. She flushed and then her chubby face creased in a great smile.

"We are happier." The general level of anti-Americanism in the Communist zones, however, is far from ludicrous. The coldly calculated hate campaign and the obvious results of American aid to the Nationalists are bearing tragic fruits. The most important single factor in China's civil war today is American policy.

Few Chinese Communists know enough about American political life to understand how US policy is formulated, but they detest its results nevertheless. I told one young peasant that Americans were divided in their attitude toward Washington's policy in China. He scratched his head in shocked perplexity.

"Why do you permit your fascists to determine policy?" he asked. "You would be so much happier if you were united as we are in Communist China."

O'KONSKI THE GREAT

Wisconsin's flamboyant congressman looks like a circus barker and sounds like the king of all Red-baiters—which he is

by Dale Kramer

LAST YEAR, voters of Wisconsin's Tenth Congressional District were given to understand in a single piece of campaign literature that Alvin E. O'Konski, their Republican Representative in Washington, is America's outstanding citizen, has helped more people than any other congressman in the nation's history, and stands head and shoulders above his fellows in courage, eloquence, knowledge of world affairs, and the efficiency with which his office is run.

The electorate was told further that, envious as Senators and Representatives alike are of this record, they seldom fail to do O'Konski's bidding.

Such unwillingness to compromise with modesty has exposed O'Konski, naturally, to the unkind remarks of iconoclasts who take pleasure in likening him to a carnival spieler. A small, sleek-faced man whose dark eyes protrude under hooded lids, he pomades his hair and wears flashy clothes with obvious pleasure. In front of audiences, his natty double-breaster is swept dramatically off, but the shrill oratory ceases while he prudently arranges the garment over a chair back.

Now serving his third term, O'Konski has had only fair success in attracting national notice, but at 43 he can still go far. This much he has already achieved:

- High popularity in the anti-Semitic press, and status of top patriot in the pages of the Chicago *Tribune;*
- Friendship of Argentina's Peron, who invited him for an expenses-paid visit;
- A serviceable base for future operations as president of the American Anti-Communist Association, a post in which he succeeds ex-Governor Earle of Pennsylvania;
- Statewide attention in Wisconsin, because of the tax commission's insistence on collecting for nearly $30,000 of allegedly unreported income;
- A bank balance swollen by fees received for speeches to foreign-born groups (he is of Polish descent) and by stuffing his congressional pay roll.

O'Konski is important, despite the flamboyance of his record, because of three circumstances of his election. He is the first politician to capture a majority of a large American electorate with no other weapon than the modern one of labeling all opponents Communists. He was frankly a carpetbagger, selecting the distict he thought offered the greatest chance of success. And finally, the district he chose had the best liberal reputation in a state long known as the most politically aware in the union.

Drifting elocutionist. Alvin E. O'Konski's life had not been a conspicuous success when, in 1940, he scraped together $500 for a down payment on the *Montreal River Miner,* a weekly newspaper in the small town of Hurley, on the Gogebic iron range at the northern edge of the Tenth District. As a boy he had not cared for the hard physical toil on the home farm in eastern Wisconsin and had settled on a teaching career. After being graduated from Wisconsin State Teachers' College, he drifted for a dozen years in and out of high schools and small colleges, usually teaching elocution and never lasting anywhere for long. A couple of times he stopped at universities for additional studying, and once, in 1932,

Dale Kramer, former Yank war correspondent, wrote the New Republic's studies of the United Mine Workers and Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis. He has also contributed to Harpers, Esquire and the Nation.

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he ran unsuccessfully for state assemblyman from his home county.

O'Konski's second whirl at politics was only a little happier. In 1938, after a recession for which New Dealers had to take the blame, Wisconsin Republicans felt pretty sure that Phil La Follette, the Progressive Party Governor, could be licked. They got behind rich, conservative old Julius Heil of Milwaukee. There was plenty of money in the kitty and O'Konski, out of a job, got himself cut in as what he later called an oratorical hatchet man.

Their spines tingled. When La Follette was beaten, O'Konski was sure that his hatchet had done the job. No one else was. Madison political writers recall O'Konski hanging disconsolately around the capitol buttonholing anyone who would listen to his threats to sue Heil for $400 hatcheting fees.

Casting about for a way to pick up a few dollars, O'Konski remembered the lecturers who go around solving the world's problems before small-town women's clubs and businessmen's luncheons. He knew his elocutionary abilities were sufficient, even if Heil hadn't been appreciative, but he had to have a subject. "America is in danger; bloody communism howls at the gates," would do, but a stinger would help.

Thereupon he had a major inspiration. Shortly he was chilling spines at Wisconsin crossroads with tales of horrible crimes witnessed, he explained, while he was an exchange student in Russia. He had not, to be sure, ever been to Russia—but years passed before any one thought of revealing that fact by means of State Department records.

The Bund approved. The lectures attracted the attention of another Midwest resident anxious to rouse the American people. He was George Froboese, a leader of the German-American Volksbund. By the middle of 1939, Froboese had written from his Milwaukee office to the Deutscher Fichte-Bund in Hamburg, Germany, praising O'Konski's speeches. The Bund fired back a bundle of propaganda to be handed on to O'Konski. "His point of view," a Bund official wrote, "is of the sort needed to awaken the people of America."

A month later, pleased at hearing that O'Konski hoped to enter journalism, the Bund official told Froboese to encourage the enterprise. Because negotiations for the Hurley paper were begun not long afterward, O'Konski has been suspected of receiving Nazi financial help. Froboese committed suicide shortly after Pearl Harbor while under investigation for pro-Nazi activities.

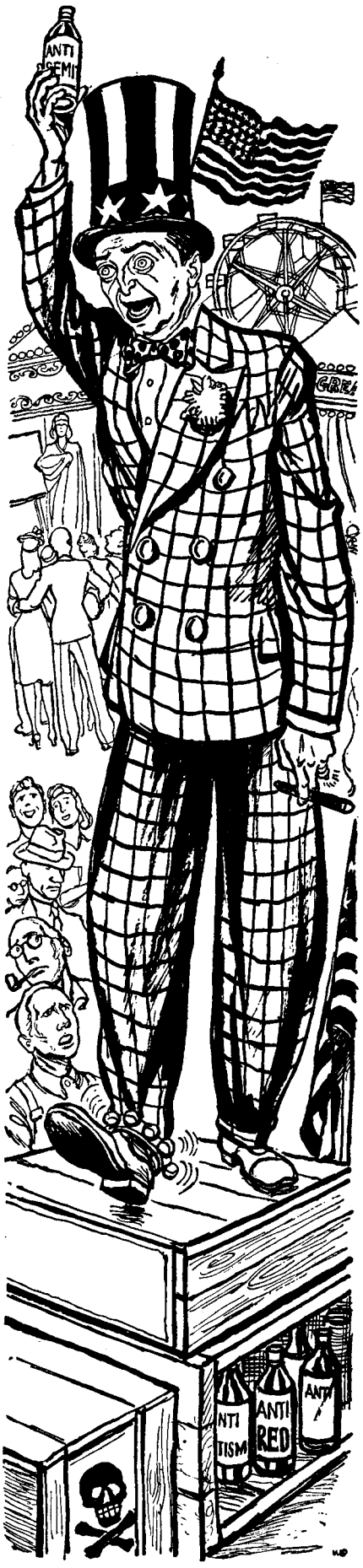
Tenth District politics offered several advantages to a man with O'Konski's talents. Main Streeters and farmers, he noticed, listened with gaping mouths to his shockers. Except for the small city of Superior and the Gogebic iron range, the district is almost entirely agricultural. The Scandinavians, who are an overwhelming majority in the area, often vote clannishly, but O'Konski noticed that the incumbent in Congress was German. And there were about as many Poles as Germans in the district.

O'Konski's chances were bettered, paradoxically, by the excellent state of democracy in the Tenth District. The rarely successful Republican Party had neither boss nor ruling clique. The primary was wide open to anyone who wanted to file.

Residence of only a few months in the district was hardly enough even for O'Konski, and he passed up the 1940 congressional race. Not to be idle, he filed for lieutenant-governor in the GOP primaries and made a poor showing.

To augment the small income from his paper, O'Konski continued to lecture for fees. Local politicians noted that he would speak without charge in the Tenth District, and, not yet exposed as a travel faker, he put on good shows.

The 1942 Republican primary shaped up as usual. None of the four other contestants was outstanding, and the organization backed no one. O'Konski pinned his hopes on a strategy effective for a candidate having strong suggestive power over audiences. By unremitting attacks on the



DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM SHARP

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Progressive incumbent while remaining silent about GOP opponents, he sought to create the illusion that he was already the nominee. It worked, but the roughest part of the road lay ahead. The Tenth had a habit of going heavily Progressive even in the face of Republican sweeps.

The local hustings were used to histrionics from Old Bob La Follette and his sons, but they had seen no raging like that of O'Konski. The fakery of his alleged Russian journey was exposed at this point, which caused him to scream "Red!" all the louder. One charge, nepotism, he could make stick: the incumbent, a farmer named Gehrmann, had placed relatives in federal service.

Help from Congress. The Tenth District sent O'Konski to Congress. His seat there was hardly warm when Mrs. O'Konski commenced drawing federal pay as one of his secretaries.

Other legislators have juggled secretarial budgets, but O'Konski is probably the only member for whom Congress has actually bought a newspaper. For 29 years the owner of the *Montreal River Miner* in Hurley had been Martin Vickers, a gray, bespectacled country printer who was, and is, an officer of his local Republican club. According to Vickers, O'Konski agreed in 1940 to pay him $6,800. Later O'Konski, in a tax report, upped the figure to $10,000.

After reaching Congress, O'Konski worked out a simple and painless method of meeting contract instalments: Martin Vickers' name was added to his secretarial payroll. Vickers was never in Washington and never performed any secretarial duties. As a matter of fact, when word of the checks was passed around Hurley, people suspected Vickers of receiving graft and he insisted on another form of payment. Vickers estimated that within two years O'Konski poured nearly $7,000 of federal funds into the newspaper.

Meanwhile, the Wisconsin tax department grew so disenchanted with O'Konski's tax reports that it charged him with willful fraud. It said he had failed to pay $1,732 due on $28,285 of income. But this did not come about until after the 1944 election, which he won handily despite his district's giving Roosevelt a heavy majority.

Feeling politically and financially secure, O'Konski revised his old Red-scare lectures for a bigger stage. The world situation allowed him to play the role of protector of small nations as well as savior of Americanism. He charged, for example, that at the Yalta conference Roosevelt sold Poland down the river to Stalin. Radio Berlin insisted on flattering him, although comparison of him with Goebbels has always infuriated O'Konski.

One speech of this period became a favorite of anti-Semites soon after its appearance in the *Congressional Record* in May, 1945. For in it he publicized a term, "international do-gooders," which reminded his listeners of the "international bankers" slogan of Charles E. Coughlin and others. The international do-gooders, O'Konski said, had maneuvered us into war, had created Hitler, had built the German and Japanese war machines and had wasted the blood of 800,000 Americans in saving Russia. He emphasized two "do-gooders"—Bernard Baruch and Henry Morgenthau Jr.

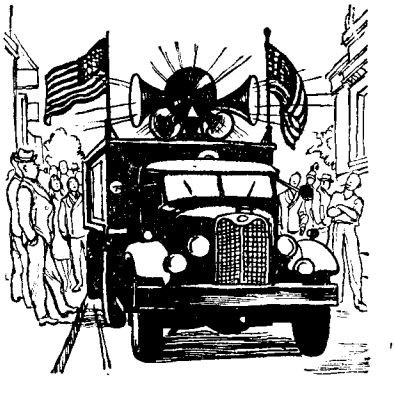
Too slick? A few months later, O'Konski launched the World Bill of Rights Association with himself as president, saying he'd accept membership fees from $1 to $1,000. Speaking invitations, with checks attached, flowed in. The GOP began to look on him as a means of swinging foreign-language groups away from the Democrats. Representatives Joe Martin and Clare Luce had their pictures taken while heaping praise on him. Business was so good that he boasted to Martin Vickers of averaging $200 apiece for 84 meetings and waved a fistful of war bonds to prove it.

But O'Konski may have been too slick for his own good. In the 1946 election, his vote margin was only 6,800 compared with 25,000 two years before. In order to beat Henry J. Berquist, Democratic contender for his seat, O'Konski had to pull out all the stops. Automobiles with public-address systems blared frantically, "Don't Vote Red—Vote Red, White and Blue."

Berquist, a family man who was draft-exempt because of his membership in the state assembly, had volunteered for the Army and was wounded during the Battle of the Bulge. O'Konski is childless and was of military age. Nevertheless, O'Konski ran strictly as a veterans' candidate and his audacity paid off once more.

Moscow responsibility! Many Tenth District conservatives would like to go back to old-fashioned Republicanism. They dislike O'Konski's carnival-barker personality. Rarely is a leading citizen found in conversation with him. But O'Konski has no intention of departing until chased out or beckoned by greener fields. Any one of several Republicans probably could beat him in a two-way primary race, but local politicians expect that he will be able to arrange a bigger field or frighten off other candidates —one of O'Konski's most potent weapons is a tongue that will stop at no depth of vilification.

The Democratic candidate, probably Berquist again, may smash O'Konski next fall; since the last election O'Konski has been forced to admit both his payroll and tax shenanigans in open hearings. But defeat will not finish O'Konski. He will loudly charge Moscow with responsibility and thereby gain sympathizers. Colonel Robert R. McCormick's candidates have already summoned him to Chicago twice to campaign among the Poles; the fees for his horrendous tales have gone up and even fewer questions are being asked of him today.



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MYTHS ABOUT THE JEWS

Forgery and invented statistics are only two of the weapons used by anti-Semites to "prove" their unfounded charges

by Bruce Bliven

This is the third in the New Republic's series of articles on the growing anti-Semitism in the United States.

WHEN THIS SERIES was being planned several months ago, one of my colleagues in the *New Republic* office strongly urged me not to write the present article.

"Don't waste time reporting on the charges that the anti-Semites make about the Jews," he pleaded. "In the first place, you will only give further circulation to these libels. In the second place, all intelligent people know that the charges are false."

As you can see, I disagreed with my *NR* colleague. You cannot understand the activities of the hate-mongers unless you know the kind of poison they are peddling. Moreover, scientific tests have proved there are millions of people in this country who, without any intentional ill will toward anybody, have heard many of these stories, have never seen the evidence to the contrary, and are inclined at the least to believe that "there must be something in them." It should be useful, therefore, to set down some of the facts.

The Protocols. The No. 1 document of anti-Semitism is "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion." This purports to be the minutes of the First Zionist Congress at Basle in 1897, and is supposed to describe a plot of leading Jews to gain control of all political and economic life everywhere.

It is a complete forgery.

During the reign of Napoleon III, a French attorney named Maurice Joly wrote a satiric political pamphlet attacking him, called "Dialogues in Hell." The Protocols are a rehash of this political satire, with "the Jews" clumsily substituted for Napoleon. They were probably written some time between 1897 and 1902 by members of a reactionary, anti-Semitic group in Russia that was responsible for the pogroms which took place around the year 1900. The Protocols were first published in full in 1905 by a man named Sergius Nilus. One V. E. Marsden was largely responsible for translating them into English and circulating them in Great Britain and the United States. Competent scholars assure me that the document shows complete ignorance of Jewish thought.

At least two courts have formally ruled that the Protocols are not genuine. A 1934 decision of the South African Supreme Court, delivered by Sir Thomas Graham and Justice Gutsche, held that "the Protocols are an impudent forgery, obviously for the purpose of anti-Jewish propaganda." A similar decision by a court at Berne, Switzerland, in May, 1935, ruled that they are "a forgery, a plagiarism and silly nonsense."

A group of American scholars examined the Protocols in 1942 and published a statement that they are "rank and pernicious forgeries." It included such well known historians as Carl Becker, Sidney B. Fay, Carlton Hayes, Allan Nevins, Bernadotte E. Schmitt, William Langer and Geroid T. Robinson.

You have to be at a pretty low level of intelligence and education to take the Protocols seriously. Nevertheless, they are so taken by millions of Americans, and new copies in large amounts are being circulated in this country every year.

The Franklin speech. Another item anti-Semites delight to use is an alleged speech by Benjamin Franklin before the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The speech was supposedly quoted in full in a diary kept by Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, and is alleged to contain a stern warning to Franklin's fellow Americans of what would happen if "the Jews ever got control." The original text is said to be in the possession of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. The fact is the Institute has neither the speech nor the diary.

J. F. Jameson, chief of the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, says: "It is practically certain that the diary . . . does not exist and never did exist." Of the alleged Franklin speech, which first turned up a few years ago among the publications of the professional anti-Semites, he says, "It is absolutely certain that the speech against the Jews said to have been delivered by Franklin . . . is a clumsy, impudent and vicious forgery."

The Talmud. Another arrow in the quiver of the anti-Semite is the allegation that the Talmud authorizes the Jews to mistreat Christians. This charge, also, is believed by millions of gullible people who have never read a line of the Talmud, and never will. The charge is false; the Talmud —a vast, rambling collection of ancient wisdom on dozens of subjects, containing the oral law of the Jews, as opposed to their scriptures, or written laws—has no such material.

The Talmud, like the Protocols, has been the subject of court action. In 1883, a Professor August Rohling, of the University of Prague, circulated the canard that the Talmud authorized the Jews to exploit non-Jews "in every possible way." Suit was brought against Professor Rohling, who, at the last possible moment, caved in and admitted that he had no evidence to support his charges, all of which he retracted. He had to pay the costs of the suit, and the indignant authorities at the University of Prague promptly fired him.

A few years ago a small child strayed away from the home of its parents in a town in upstate New York. This happened on the eve of one of the Jewish holy days, and within a few hours a policeman presented himself at the home of the

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leader of the Jewish synagogue in that town. Had the Jews, he wanted to know, by any chance murdered the child as a part of a religious ceremony involving the use of human blood?

Luckily, within an hour or two the child was found asleep in a nearby woodlot and the question of possible Jewish guilt was answered.

This myth of ritual sacrifice bobs up all over the world again and again, in the minds and on the lips of people who are far more difficult to forgive than the New York policeman.

It is true that human sacrifice runs through the religious ceremonies of many primitive peoples; one remembers the Aztecs in the Western Hemisphere and the early Romans whose pagan rites are so beautifully explained in Frazer's *Golden Bough*. But that the charges should be made against the Jews and should persist to this day, is one of the truly ironic jests of history. In the first few years of the Christian era, the Romans made this accusation against those early Christians whom they were so fond of tossing to the lions or using as human torches to illuminate an imperial festival. These early Christians did in fact live according to the written code of the Jewish people, and *they used the text of that code* to prove to the Romans that they were guiltless. But the story was too toothsome to be discarded merely because it was false, and it has come down through the ages. (*It has been officially repudiated, incidentally, by Popes Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V, Paul III and Clement XIV. Says Everett Clinchy in* an authoritative statement on this subject prepared with the aid of leading

figures in the American Jewish community: Nobody has "ever been able to cite a passage from Jewish writings or mention a custom in Jewish life that would permit the use of blood in any form.")

Roman quislings. Down through the centuries, unnumbered Jews have been humiliated, tortured or killed by zealous Christians on the ground that "the Jews killed Christ." This is the accusation shouted into the ears of small Jewish boys who are beaten up on their way home from school, the one scrawled on the walls of synagogues which are defaced by street gangs of hoodlums.

But we also know, from careful psychological tests, that the notion has been driven deep into the unconscious minds of millions of respectable people who would never dream of saying such a thing out loud or of taking any overt action against the Jews. They get it in early childhood from Sunday-school material prepared for use in Christian churches; most of the Christians who prepare such material have no realization of its ugly consequences. Some of the churches have already expunged such material from their Sunday-school lessons and others are in the process of doing so.

Scores of Christian leaders have raised their voices against this accusation. They have pointed out the cruel injustice of blaming all Jews, everywhere, for something which happened 2,000 years ago. They have also pointed out that modern historians, working from Roman and Jewish documents of the time, have, at the very least, thrown great doubt on the matter of Jewish responsibility for the crucifixion.

Such leaders point out that Christ was tried before the Council of Jews for blasphemy and this trial was a failure. He was then tried before Pilate, representative of the Roman government, for crimes against the state, the charge being that He wanted to be king. For this He was found guilty and executed by the Romans.

Study of documents of the time of Jesus strongly suggests that those Jews who participated in the events leading up to the crucifixion were a few quisling tools of the Romans. They were determined to get rid of Christ—just as Hitler killed Danes, Norwegians and others—in the fear that He was a potential trouble maker whose activities might eventually lead to armed revolution. Says Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick (in *Life* magazine, December 24, 1945): "As for the clacque that cried, 'Crucify Him!' in Pilate's court, they were the hirelings of the High Priests, the hangers-on of Judea's collaborationist Vichy government. The Jewish people did not crucify Jesus."

Said Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, president of the New Brunswick, New Jersey, Theological Seminary, at Town Hall,

PUBLISHED IN LEIPZIG, GERMANY

PUBLISHED IN WICHITA, KANSAS

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New York City, February 14, 1947: "By no possible stretch of the imagination or conscience can one say that 'the Jews killed Jesus'."

Thus far I have discussed only the most fantastic charges against the Jews. There is another group of accusations, however, which can, and in many cases do, reach people of a substantially higher level of intelligence, despite the fact that even these charges are either false or irrelevant or both.

Jews and communism. One of the commonest of these charges is that all the Jews are Communists, or all the Communists are Jews. As might be expected, this notion proves on examination to be absurd. In Russia, in 1918, only about 2.6 percent of the Communists were of Jewish origin. Of the 200 leaders who run that country today, 10 are Jewish. In 1932, just before Hitler came to power, the total registered vote of the Communist Party in Germany was 5,980,240. There were at that time only 550,000 Jews in Germany, of whom not more than 200,000 could have been voters. Of this 200,000, a very large proportion were of course not Communists.

In the United States, both the Communist Party and the Jews happen to have an extremely large concentration in New York City, which leads many people to assume without thinking that the two groups are almost identical, or at least overlap very heavily. The secretary of the Communist Party

(it was Earl Browder) testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on September 6, 1939, that not more than 2.5 percent of the party membership was of Jewish origin. Of the nine chief figures in the Communist Party as of that date, it happens (and not because of anti-Semitism, certainly) that not one was a Jew. Other estimates of the proportion of Jews in the Communist Party range higher than that of Browder, but I am aware of no unprejudiced witness who has suggested that there is any inherent connection between being a Jew and being a Communist.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN

A standard argument of the anti-Semites is that the Jews are reluctant to fight. It is said that they go to great lengths to keep out of the Army, or to get into safe, noncombatant branches of the service. What are the facts?

In the first World War, nearly five percent of members of the US armed services were Jews. In proportion to population in the United States as a whole, they should have contributed only three percent. Of their total number of 225,000, 18 percent were volunteers, a very high proportion.

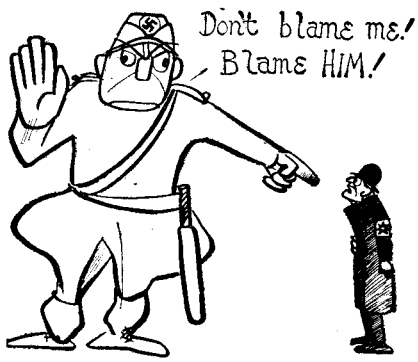
The Quartermaster Corps is usually considered the chief noncombatant part of the Army. In the First World War, the average for the whole Army was 6.2 percent in this branch of the service. Of the Jews, it was 5.9 percent. Forty-eight percent of the Jews were in the Infantry, 15 percent in the Air Forces and the Signal Corps, nine in the Medical Corps, eight in the Artillery, three in the Engineers, 1.5 in Ordnance and 1.3 in the Cavalry.

In that war, Jewish soldiers received 1,100 citations for valor. Of all recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor, 5.5 percent were Jews, nearly twice as many as would be expected on a basis of the percentage of Jews in our population.

Statistics for the Second World War are of substantially the same character, allowing for changes in military technique such as the greater emphasis on aviation.

The same anti-Semites who charge that the Jews are all Communists, are likely in the same breath to assert that they control the economic life of the nation: the banks, department stores, newspapers, radio and the movies.

It is quite true that the Jews have shown some tendency to concentrate their activities in certain professions and lines of business, though in very few cases do they dominate any one industry and in no case is there anything sinister or conspiratorial about their position. There are sound historical reasons for this situation.



In the Middle Ages, the Jews all over Europe were forbidden to own land, and were kept out of many types of industry and trade. They were jammed into ghettos in the cities, subjected to the periodic terror of pogroms, and from time to time exiled wholesale from one country or another. In those days, faithful Christians were forbidden by their religion to lend money at usury—which meant any amount of interest, high or low. This rule of the church was circumvented by princes and potentates in regard to large and important loans, but was accepted for small loans.

The lending of small amounts was handed over to the Jews, and the authorities looked on complacently when the townspeople occasionally took forcible revenge against the "Jewish usurers." When these usurers got

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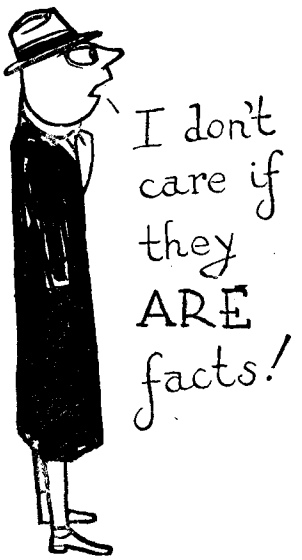

pretty prosperous, the local rulers, in a burst of moral indignation, confiscated their wealth, pulling out their teeth one by one if they proved absent-minded as to where it was hidden.

Historic irony. The Jews, always a helpless minority in a world where every hand was against them, were forced to live by their wits. Small wonder that they placed high value on intelligence and learning, that they became doctors, lawyers and scholars, that they turned in toward their own community and deeply venerated the happy past, long centuries ago, when they had a homeland of their own. It is one of the ironies of history that so many Gentiles continue to blame the Jews not only for faults they do not possess, but for cultural characteristics which are strictly the Gentiles' fault.

I have on my desk a mass of statistics that disprove all the charges of Jewish control of any significantly important aspect of the American economy. Of the 13 most important wealthy families in the United States, families like the Fords and the duPonts, not one, as it happens, is Jewish. Of the directors and trustees of banks in New York, a city 30 percent of whose population is Jewish, less than four percent are of Jewish origin.

As for the common charge that Jews are *international* bankers, the biggest Jewish bank in New York (Kuhn, Loeb and Company) does less than three percent of the foreign business. Another banking firm—Dillon, Reed—which represents a partial Jewish interest, does less than 12 percent.

While the newspaper generally considered the leading one of the United States, the New York *Times,* is under Jewish ownership, the bulk of the American press is not. Papers with Jewish ownership have a combined circulation which amounts to about five percent of the total.

Of the four chief radio networks, only one has a substantial proportion of Jews among its directors and executives. Among the other three, in the recent past, there were four Jews out of 54 individuals in such posts.

Do the Jews control Hollywood, as is so often charged? It is true that, especially in the early days of the motion-picture industry, many Jews went into producing. This fact is partly explained by the Jewish cultural characteristics described above, partly by the numerous types of business whose doors are closed to the Jews. But today a very important element in Hollywood is controlled by strictly non-Jewish New York banks like the Chase National and J. P. Morgan and Company.

Among the chief motion-picture companies, the control of two is in the hands of non-Jews, three are usually considered to be guided by Jews, and three are mixed. At the time of a recent study, only two companies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia, had as many as 50 percent of Jewish directors. Among the other companies, there were 23 Jews out of a total of 105.

It is quite true that Jews are prominent in the manufacture and distribution of men's and women's clothing. The manufacture is concentrated in New York, where a large part of the Jewish population resides. Of the actual workers in the industry, about 70 percent are Jewish, most of the remainder being Italian.

Social inferiors. As I force myself to put down these statistics, my gorge is rising, and I hope yours is, too. The charge that the Jews dominate any important industry or profession in the United States is false; but even if it were true, what of it? Nobody in his senses ever suggests that such alleged preëminence has been achieved by other than legitimate methods, which are equally open to Christians, Moslems or atheists, if they have the brains and energy. What has happened to the good old American dream if we are ready to complain about people who get to the top by fair competition? Where is our vaunted doctrine of free enterprise?

We come now to the one single aspect of anti-Semitism which for everybody above the moron level is far more important than all the others combined. Millions of people who are too smart to be concerned about the Protocols or the Franklin forgery, accept and act upon the notion that for some reason, or group of reasons, the Jews are socially unacceptable.

This is such an important issue that I intend to discuss it at length in another context, later in this series.

No aspect of anti-Semitism in the United States today is uglier than that which seeks to restrict the opportunities for higher education to Gentiles. This subject will be the theme of my next article.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

STRATEGY OF ERROR

by Richard Watts Jr.

THE MELANCHOLY DICTUM of the late Will Rogers about the United States never losing a war or winning a peace is given tragic emphasis in Richard E. Lauterbach's *Danger from the East* (Harper; $3.75), but hardly in the fashion the cowboy-philosopher intended. He meant to depict a gullible, open-handed Uncle Sam, foolishly throwing away the fruits of his victories through excessive generosity and trust in his allies, but Lauterbach's account is of a less honorable kind of defeat.

The former correspondent of *Time* and *Life* in Russia and the Far East reports on American postwar policy in Japan, Korea and China, and sees a dismal record of what is essentially a moral failure. He is no sensationalist or advocate of extreme ideas but a reporter of unusual intelligence, responsibility and breadth of viewpoint. Thus he cannot be dismissed when he says that our ingrained devotion to conservatism and our almost pathological fear of communism and the Russians have driven us into the hands of just those forces of backwardness and corruption in Asia that are most dangerous to our hopes of a peaceful, democratic world.

The red and the black. The shortsightedness which Lauterbach finds in our attitude toward the East is based upon what we think of as the sternest kind of realism, as opposed to "the foolhardy phrases of dreamers," with their presumably wild ideas of bringing help to the Asiatic masses. The irony of such realism, in the author's opinion, is that it contains the seeds of its own destruction.

By backing the reactionaries of Japan, Korea and China as our best bulwark against the menace of Russia, we are seeing to it that, in any war between the US and the USSR, the weakest and most treacherous elements throughout the East are ranged on our side, while the strongest and most forward-looking forces of an awakening continent are pushed reluctantly into opposition to us and into the arms of the potential enemy. By our suspicion of the unruly and instinctive urge of the people of the Far East toward social and economic progress,

DRAWING BY JOHN TAYLOR

we are foolishly ignoring our greatest source of strength there: the tremendous but rapidly decreasing prestige of our democratic tradition and the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

While destroying our most certain and formidable reservoir of Eastern power, we seek the dubious alliance of our unchastened former enemies in Japan, the septuagenarian reaction of Syngman Rhee and Kim Koo in Korea, and the unspeakably corrupt dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek in China. In a part of the world where radical social reforms are most desperately needed, we insist on throwing our support to the extreme Right because we are determined to back any cause that seems to us sufficiently anti-Russian. The absurdity of this, Lauterbach reminds us, is that we, and not the Russians, are in the best position to help the East modernize itself immediately.

Generals at work. Lauterbach regards the controversial figure of MacArthur with mingled respect and disapproval. But it seems clear from his report that the job done by MacArthur in Japan, while far from the glorious achievement certain hero-worshipers have called it, is considerably superior to that done by General Hodge in Korea or by a conglomeration of soldiers and civilians in China. At least our leadership in Japan has provided an outline of democratic progress which might conceivably be followed by the Japanese with admirable results, and our military prestige there has been used to bring about a number of needed reforms.

Like American foreign policy, however, MacArthur suffers from extreme dislike of Russia and a deep suspicion of anything approaching radicalism. Thus, for all his sincere hope for a democratic Japan, he has increasingly supported reactionary elements. He has frowned on the activities of organized labor and extreme liberals, and has given aid and comfort to the Emperor —whose support of the military clique throughout the war Lauterbach seems to demonstrate conclusively—and the more respectable section of the old regime.

The liberators. One of the bitter ironies of our policy in the East is that we are more popular in the land of our former foe than in China and Korea, which we fought to liberate. We came to Japan as conquerors, but freed the Japanese people from imperial tyranny and at least indicated for them a road to democracy. In Korea, however, we came as liberators and were hailed with the most touching enthusiasm by the long oppressed people, only to continue the Japanese gendarmerie in power, make Korean quislings our advisers, fire upon the celebrating masses and destroy their spontaneously established "people's republic."

We thrust ancient reactionaries, who had not been home for decades, upon them as their leaders, refused to do anything about much needed land reform, engaged in what the presumably liberated nation called a reign of terror, and threw more Koreans into jail

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for political reasons than the Japanese had ever done. It is not pleasant to hear that an American Intelligence poll in May, 1946, indicated that 49 percent of the citizens of the Korean capital declared that they preferred the Japanese to the Americans. As one Korean told Lauterbach: "There is one discernible difference to us between American MP's and Japanese MP's—you Americans are taller."

The story of China is more familiar but does not grow any more pleasant in the retelling. Lauterbach was in China when General Marshall arrived, and he has great respect for the energy, earnestness and integrity which the presidential envoy brought to the task of arranging peace between the Kuomintang and the Communists. Marshall came closer to achieving a coalition regime for China than any other man since General Stilwell in 1944, and Lauterbach shows that he failed for the same reason. The reactionaries who dominate the Kuomintang, knowing that the United States would support them in anything they did because of our anti-Russian hysteria, deliberately sabotaged the peace that General Marshall was trying to arrange.

Lauterbach makes two important points concerning the breakdown of negotiations. In the first place, Marshall's position was essentially untenable, despite his personal integrity, because, while he was serving as an impartial negotiator between the Kuomintang and the Communists, American military power was continuously being used to support the Kuomintang, transporting its troops to Manchuria, giving it surplus airplanes and other supplies and training its troops. Incidentally, Lauterbach does not understand how President Truman can deny, as he did after his envoy's departure from China, that we are still giving this aid to the Chinese ruling clique. The second point is that Chiang planned all the time to make war on the Communists and merely pretended to negotiate in order to pacify American public opinion. The picture Lauterbach presents of US complicity in the evil and corrupt tyranny to which Chiang is subjecting the Chinese people has rarely been set down in a more skillful and persuasive book than *Danger from the East.*

COURTESY CHINA WOODCUT STUDY ASSOCIATION

OVER THERE

EUROPE WITHOUT BAEDEKER, by Edmund Wilson (Doubleday; $4).
CONTINENT IN LIMBO, by Edith Sulkin (Reynal and Hitchcock; $3).

EDMUND WILSON went to London, Italy, Greece and Crete in the spring and summer of 1945 as correspondent for *the New Yorker. Edith Sulkin* spent the year 1946 traveling in England, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland and Germany. Both have set down, in notebook style, their impressions of these trips.

Aside from this initial similarity of form, the books have little in common. Wilson's is an intensely personal record of the impact of three postwar European countries on an intellectual and critical mind. Mrs. Sulkin's is a reporter's account of what she saw, in which the author's reactions are always subordinated to the situations she is describing.

Wilson's book is notable chiefly for its vivid, impressionist pictures of places and events. He is unusually sensitive to different environments, and his command of English, which few modern writers can equal, enables him to bring his observations into sharp focus. His contrast between London and New York and his first impressions of Italy and Greece—all of which originally appeared in the *New Yorker*—lose nothing in rereading, since his recognition of the inherent quality of the places keeps them from dating. It is incidental that they happen to be of wartime London, occupied Italy and Greece under British troops. His section on Crete is an effective blend of speculations on antiquity and descriptions of the island's modern civilization. In such passages, and in his discussions of the contents

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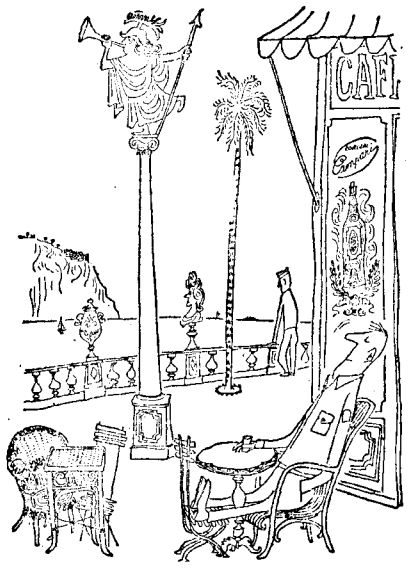
of the bookstalls in Rome, the theater in Athens, the work of various contemporary writers and philosophers (especially his brilliant analysis of the latest works of Malraux and Silone), Wilson is at his best.

Not without prejudice. In his judgments of political and national situations, he is almost blatantly personal, but usually interesting and intelligent. Unfortunately, he has one bias to which he gives an unwarranted amount of space—a quite irrational, childish resentment of the British. This leads him to petulant criticisms of the most innocuous British mannerisms and to unnecessary attacks that are merely irritating. The one short story in the book, for example, has no purpose except to compare an unbelievably selfish and narrow-minded British UNRRA director (admittedly fictional) with the high-minded American girl who is forced to work under her in Italy. Both characters are unconvincing and the point is, to put it mildly, overworked. When Wilson is reviewing the London theater and Benjamin Britten's new opera, "Peter Grimes," he forgets his prejudice, and the results are worthy of his high reputation as a critic.

He devotes the last section of the book to "Final Reflections," written after he returned to America and regarded his own country, for a few weeks at least, with the eyes of a visitor. These conclusions are as individual as the rest of his writing. With unexpected optimism, he sees the United States as "the most politically advanced country in the world" and finds that his trip abroad has strengthened, or developed, several of his favorite convictions. Among them is his belief in the approaching end of the age of "careerism" or "free competition for advancement" by any group in any country, and the probable emergence of a worldwide democratic socialism with "increased self-dependence." He further suggests the possible selective breeding of "better human beings" under socialism and a closer study of the anthropoid apes to counteract the nineteenth-century idea of man as divine and "to understand



DRAWING BY STEINBERG
COURTESY DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE
ITALY: 1945

the relative crudity of the materials with which we have to work." Controversial as some of his theories are, they give a perspective to his earlier observations.

Out of chaos. Mrs. Sulkin, on the other hand, reaches no conclusions and thereby weakens her book. Although she was born in Russia and educated in "twelve schools in five different countries" before she came to America, she seems to have no strong feelings about Europe and she gives little space to her own emotions on her return to the continent. Instead, she recounts in faithful detail the conversations that she had with old friends and new acquaintances, with maids, boarding-house proprietors, cab drivers, workers' families, newspapermen, black marketeers, relief workers, soldiers and young people in eight countries. The majority of them make moving or stimulating vignettes. Because they never become more than vignettes, the book as a whole is disappointing.

Mrs. Sulkin's over-all impressions of a country, into which her specific incidents must be fitted, are sketchy and a little flat, and there are not always enough facts and figures to corroborate or disprove the opinions that she heard. But the greatest difficulty is the author's own confusion. "I found myself again and again caught between pity and distrust," she comments during her trip to Germany. Again, at the end of another story, she inquires frankly, "What was I to think?"

Bleak images. She has not thought enough to offer any interpretation of what she saw and heard, and this makes much of what she relates seem equivocal. She is a sympathetic and careful observer, but not, apparently, a particularly reflective one. Occasionally there is a suggestion that part of her difficulty lies in trying to find easier solutions than actually exist. Without them, she seems lost. After commenting on the Russian-American deadlock in Germany, for instance, she observes: "If the great power vise which seemed to squeeze all of Europe were relaxed on both sides, perhaps the continent could begin to breathe."

This is a passing opinion which is not borne out by the rest of the book. Mrs. Sulkin saw almost no evidence of interference by Russia in Poland, Finland and Czechoslovakia, according to her account, and she found everywhere a restlessness, aimlessness, lack of strong, moral purpose and intensified nationalism that cannot be resolved merely by the lying down together of the United States and the USSR. Mrs. Sulkin passes over these, and ends her book with "a welter of bleak images to sort out." She has ample and valuable material, but it needs sifting and appraisal.

While both Wilson's and Mrs. Sulkin's books are in notebook form, Mrs. Sulkin's is a reporter's notebook; Wilson's, a writer's. ANNE L. GOODMAN

FIVE-INCH SHELF

THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS" (four volumes, boxed $10), edited by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott, is Random House's five-inch bookshelf, and if you like this sort of thing, to quote Lindsay of Birker, this is the sort of thing you will like. It consists of excerpts from the writings of various philosophers, classified as political, speculative, social, and philosophers concerned with science. The assortment is neither better nor worse than average. Just to keep the record very

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straight, and to make sure no one is bluffing or being bluffed, let it be clearly understood that most of the selections are so viscous (and occasionally dull) that none but an insignificant fraction of purchasers and Book-of-the-Month Club dividendees will do more than skim over the pages.

Easily the worst item is a piece by that master of Teutonic bombast and double talk, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel; the most conspicuous omission, since Jeans, Eddington, Whitehead and Bergson are included, is that of Bertrand Russell. The advertising copy which the Book-of-the-Month Club runs for this set, compares favorably with puffs for Dr. Eliot's Harvard Classics or Sherwin Cody's courses on improving one's English. While it is reassuring to learn that the "wise men of the past were worried too," it is difficult to embrace the suggestion that the mere presence of these volumes "alongside your reading chair or at your bedside . . . [will] help you find understanding . . . [by giving you] the chance to talk personally and to philosophize with the great thinkers of the past."

The volumes are well bound and printed and in their gay, glossy jackets are as eye-striking as a package of Charms—which, perhaps, is what the publishers intended.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

FICTION PARADE

THE ENGLISH NOVELIST, critic and short-story writer, V. S. Pritchett, recently attracted the deserved attention of American readers with his book of stories, *It May Never Happen.* His latest book, *The Living Novel* (Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.75), is a collection of essays, which he calls "developed notes on the novel," made during the war when he had not the "leisure or freedom to write what I wanted."

The title is misleading if it suggests a critical formula; the book is rather an appraisal of that which is alive in the fiction of the past, relating it to the life and writing of its time. Pritchett's critical dictum is that "one of the obligations of the critic is to possess himself of the eyes with which a novelist's contemporaries read him." The range of this book is defined by his "haphazard reading from novel to novel," beginning with the eighteenth-century masters and including a number of European writers who will be unknown to most readers. It is in his consideration of the lesser known writers that he gives his imaginative talents full scope.

Pritchett is a delightful guide. In the "bright and crowded room" of literature he is "good" about books as a perspicacious gossip is about people; he communicates the individuality of the subject and something of his own curiosity and enthusiasm. In connection with this, he possesses that quality which is most ingratiating in a critic: generosity. "To me," he says, "it is a perversion of criticism to suggest that you can have the virtues of a writer without his vices." This acceptance of a book as a whole, and of a writer as a limited man of his time, gives a depth and variety to his perception. In any novel, he is concerned with the life that lies behind it; he says in connection with *The Way of All Flesh* (an example chosen at random) that "English life seems to run naturally to parricide movements. We are a hater of fathers." Or again (à propos of Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa*), "The principle of procrastinated rape is said to be the ruling one in all the great best- sellers."

Fair weather. Familiar to readers of the *New Yorker* for her "Letter from London," Mollie Panter-Downes uses similar material in her novel, *One Fine Day* (Little, Brown; $2.50), but presents it more personally through the eyes of an Englishwoman not unlike herself, as we are led to guess. The framework of the book is a routine summer day of shopping, visiting and housekeeping in a commuter's paradise near London, "the perfect village in aspic." We learn what we've been told often before of the decline of the gentry, the migration of the villagers to the manufacturing towns, the cozy paraphernalia of British domesticity, the Lawrencian sexuality of the lower orders and the upper classes' stiff upper lip. The author's purpose could have been served better by a selection from her *New Yorker* pieces. The insistence on a receptive, fictional personality apparently necessitated an indirect, "sensitive" approach to the material, and it contributes nothing more than an arch charm which the publishers compare, with devastating accuracy, to Mrs. Miniver.

The prose in the book—modest, brisk, good mannered and flexible—is another example of the tradition of a technical skill among even inferior British writers that is far above what could be found in comparable Americans.

JOHN FARRELLY

Crime and Punishment

Enduring Old Charms, by Doris Miles Disney (Crime Club; $2). Amelia Harris, 45-year-old wealthy widow, was stacking the cards against herself when she fell in love with, and married, Charles Orr, a boy less than half her age. Amelia's glamor, foolproof in 1940, by 1945 has so staled on the restive Charles that he tries to rid himself of his aging wife. By a *Payment Deferred* quirk he fails; but Miss Disney's book, like her earlier *Dark Road,* is a somber reminder of some of the facts of life.

Murder Miscellany.—Politics Is Murder, by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, Brace; $2.50), is a literate and fast-moving account of the repercussions of a 15-year-old murder on the denizens—and their friends—of New York's City Hall. *Death Will Find Me,* by Helen Steers (Dodd, Mead; $2.50), the $1,000 prize-winner, also deals with an almost forgotten murder, but its unconvincing psychoanalytical approach—plus a murderer who practically wears bells—undoes the effect of some pleasant writing. In *Let the Tiger Die,* by Manning Coles (Crime Club; $2), I am sorry to say that Tommy Hambledon, agent extraordinary, is made to be the prime mover in an ingenious spy tale whose pleasurable efforts were thoroughly canceled (for me) by its arrant glorification of that eminent First Gentleman of Spain —Francisco Franco.

E. H.

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FOREIGN PRESS: Nazis, L'Uomo & J. Parnell

GERMANS! The orders issued by the Allied Military Government tyrants are our misfortune and ruin! The uniformed rogues of the Control Commission quartet have become our tormentors and bloodsuckers!

¶ Political and common criminals rule our Fatherland today! We have become the marketplace for Jews and Niggers, Polish hold-up men and gangsters.

¶ Autocracy, slavery, lawlessness and hunger are brought to the German people by a merciless opponent. It is the will of the enemy to perpetuate this plight!

¶ Therefore, Germans: SABOTAGE THE ORDERS OF THE OCCUPYING POWER!

DEUTSCHE!
Die Befehle der alliierten Militärtyrannen sind unser Unglück und Verderben!
Das uniformierte Halunkenquartett des Kontrollrates ist uns zum Peiniger und Blutsauger geworden!
diesen Zustand zu verewigen!
Deshalb Deutsche
Sabotiert die Anordnungen der Besatzungsmacht!

This leaflet, now being distributed by the German underground in Bavaria, is one of many examples of the increasingly bold Nazi activities in US-occupied Germany. This column respectfully suggests that it be placed on the mental agenda of the foreign ministers when they discuss Germany's future at the London conference next week.

L'Uomo Qualunque

Guglielmo Giannini's Common Man Front Party weekly *L'Uomo Qualunque* is the paper to watch to find out what worries Italians. *L'Uomo* is the spokesman for the "smart guy," the voice of the opportunist, the gutter medium for the malcontent. It is as amoral as a Neapolitan strumpet, and just about as reliable.

In the early days of liberation, *L'Uomo* found many excuses for those who had collaborated with the Germans. It was the chief apologist for Fascists, and the most daring enemy of epuration. During subsequent months of reviving nationalism, *L'Uomo* was violently critical of the occupation forces. Later it exploited general Italian discontent by turning against the government. Now the political winds have shifted again and *L'Uomo* finds a new fulcrum for Italian apprehension: the strings attached to American aid.

"There is an element that is terribly perturbing, and that is the dollar," says the latest *L'Uomo* editorial. "Three years ago, word got around that Americans were tremendously anti-Fascist, and they were indeed fighting fascism in Italy and Germany with all their might. Immediately, all who wanted American dollars hastened to declare themselves anti-Fascist and to accuse of fascism all whose competition might have diminished the share of dollars available." Today, *L'Uomo* goes on, Americans are anti-Communist, and to have any hope of receiving dollars "one must be anti-Communist, just as one had to be anti-Fascist yesterday."

So far, however, this noisy, discontented newspaper has not bothered to say where it stands. It is content to exploit the vague fears of countless frustrated Italians, and is very successful in the process.

Red hunt. The J. Parnell Thomas investigation of alleged communism in Hollywood has stirred worldwide press comment.

CORRIERE DELLA SERA

Italy's *Corriere della Sera* expresses pity for "poor Hollywood. . . . One side accuses it of being the vehicle of American cultural imperialism attempting to invade the world with movies representing the American Way of Life, and at the same time, in Washington, it is attacked as a dangerous nest of Communists that tries to undermine the American ideals."

Sweden's *Filmjournalen:* "True enough, America is rather far away and Americans are allowed to do what they like with their freedom . . . but we must not be so lazy that we do not react when the most fundamental demands of freedom are in danger."

DAILY HERALD

Great Britain's *Daily Herald:* "Damage has already been done to the reputation of the United States as a democracy by the antics of the congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. Humorous as this body's probe into the cinema world undoubtedly is, the activities of an official congressional committee cannot be dismissed as pure farce. . . . Has political thinking become an offense in the country that boasts of being the world's greatest democracy?"

NEUES DEUTSCHLAND

Germany's *Neues Deutschland:* "The most repulsive thought-snooping celebrates a frightening triumph. Stool pigeons get a hearing; anonymous charges are admitted; human beings are ruined overnight and a state of fear established. . . . The Rooseveltian principle of freedom from fear for which tens of thousands of Americans lost their lives fighting Hitler-fascism has been turned into its opposite."

Franc-Tireur

France's *Franc-Tireur:* "In a country where there is constant talk of democracy and politicians of all tendencies never forget to glorify it, it might seem surprising that there were not more protests and more indignation . . . but no one dares to protest, since all activities displeasing to the committee are identified with the machinations of a 'Fifth Column'. . . ."

THE PALESTINE POST

Jerusalem's *Palestine Post*: "The Hollywood Red-hunt by the Un-American Activities Committee . . . turned out to be ranker than Hollywood's worst grade-B film. When its obvious attempts to dictate what movies should be made began to get up the dander of the conservative movie moguls who contribute handsomely to the Republican campaign chest, the production was cut, just like a break in an old film."

EVA PUTNAM

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BUSINESS: A Job for the Salesmen

THIS IS "be-kind-to-salesmen" season. The financial pages and business magazines are buzzing with the lushness of the market and how the salesman is the guy to keep it that way.

In this vein, Marvin Bower, a management consultant, told the Boston Conference on Distribution: "The marketing function must be ready to take up the burden of maintaining volume in order to maintain profits." And the November issue of *Fortune* is built around the same theme: "The market: 1948. It looks big, exciting, different. To keep it big will be the exacting assignment of the salesmen."

Let's look at the market, and then think a bit about the salesman.

As described in *Fortune's* lead article, the market is "the richest and the ripest the world has ever seen." *Fortune* supports this with: a "$200 billion market. . . . Personal income 39 percent higher than 1940. . . . Between 1940 and 1947 the amount of money available for discretionary spending has grown by 160 percent . . . flowing through the economy at the rate of $90 billion a year." But this description of the market is almost meaningless.

The salesman's public. A market is not averages or percentages; it is individuals. The important factors are: How many people have money to spend; and what can they buy with it? In the lead article of the current *Printers' Ink,* Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, urges a clear examination of the market to study its ability to absorb our production. Dr. Nourse warns that "simply increasing sales effort at a time when people's income is not enough to buy the increasing volume of goods is like beating a tired horse."

What we need is an anatomy of the market. Here are some of the things *Fortune* might have considered:

1. Today the purchasing public made up of our 15.5 million industrial workers can buy less goods with its pay than at any time since before the war. Despite his much publicized wage increases, the average consumer can buy 12 percent less than he could at the end of the OPA.

2. *Fortune* dwells on the upgrading of American family incomes. In 1941, it points out, 34 percent of US households had an income of less than $1,000; in 1947, only 17 percent of the "spending units" are in this bracket. In the same period, the $1,000-$2,000 group decreased from 30.5 to 23 percent of the total. The family units with $2,000-$3,000 incomes increased from 21 percent to 25 percent. And the cream of the market, the $3,000-and-up bracket, increased from 10.9 to 35 percent.

At today's prices it takes about $1,500 to buy what $1,000 did in 1941. One-third of all spending units have annual incomes under $1,500. They correspond to the one-third who were making less than $1,000 in 1941. This means that in 1947 two million more spending units than there were in 1941 are living on a weekly income of less than $20 in terms of 1941 buying power.

Two-thirds of US spending units today are living on incomes under $3,000; exactly the same fraction were living on a comparable real income—under $2,000—in 1941. There are somewhat fewer in the group that used to have from $2,000-$3,000, and now need from $3,000-$4,500 to buy the same things. The $3,000-$5,000 (now $4,500-$7,500) class is also smaller. However, the $7,500-and-up category—about five percent of the total—now includes a few more spending units than did the comparable "above-$5,000" group in 1941.

So on a real-income basis there has been no upgrading of the consumer. The proportion of people in the lower brackets is almost exactly the same; the middle groups have been thinned out a little, and there are a few more people in the upper brackets. To translate this into the terms of the salesman: With rising prices, each day fewer people can buy milk and more can buy mink. Is that good?

3. *Fortune's* clarion call to US salesmen rings still hollower when you look at the cash position of the customers. According to the *Federal Reserve Bulletin,* 27 percent of US spending units went in the red last year, and another eight percent held their own. The best salesmanship in the world couldn't sell this third of the nation an additional shoelace.

Another third of the market were able to pay their bills and put something into insurance or buying a home. In this area, the salesman can sell no more unless he can persuade people to give up their insurance or mortgage their homes. Is this what *Fortune* means by a "boom market"?

Only the top third of the market has any surplus for the salesman to fish in. This is the native habitat of the huge wad of "discretionary" money that *Fortune* dwells on so volubly. And even in these upper-income groups, from one-eighth to one-fifth of the spending units were going into the red last year. Since then the picture has darkened.

Boom or bubble? In the light of this kind of market, what can you say to the salesman? Obviously, if he is selling cars, fur coats or suburban estates, prospects are good, both for cash volume and number of units to be sold. But for the kind of things that are sold to the 15.5 million factory workers and their families, or to the lower-income groups generally, it's a different story.

In other words, when you look at the market piece by piece, you find that already the potential demand for mass-distributed products has begun to sag in spots. Aggressive selling could move the spots from one industry to another. But with two-thirds of our spending units using every cent they are earning, and with more people able to buy less and less, it will take more than salesmanship to keep our industries going. Maybe the salesmen should devote some of their efforts to persuading the front office to get prices down. HAROLD WOLFF

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FARM: Attack on the Forests

DURING the congressional hearing on the investigation of the Forest Service of the US Department of Agriculture, at Grand Junction, Colorado, one stockman laughed and said, "There is more than one way to skin a cat." Previous attempts of a small group of stockmen to loot the public domain had failed, but their new scheme was working fine.

The latest plan, carried out this fall by a subcommittee of the House Public Lands Committee, was to blacken the names of forest rangers and conservationists and discredit the work of the Forest Service generally, so that the 20,000-odd cow and sheep men could run their stock on national forest land to their hearts' content, regardless of the effect on the nation's soil, water, grass and forest resources.

The hearing—which was recently called off, probably because of widespread criticism by public-spirited individuals and groups—is the latest of several moves of the stockmen to get control of the public lands. In the 79th Congress they instigated the introduction of a bill (S. 1945) which would transfer vast areas to the states. Stockmen felt that if this could be done, the public lands would be easy pickings.

Cowboy tactics. In February of this year, the National Livestock Association and the National Woolgrowers' Association changed their tactics and called on the government to sell them for a song the acres (157 million of the 288 million acres of public land) administered by the Department of Interior. Buyers were to be limited to those few who had permits to graze stock on public lands.

Public reaction to these brazen proposals was so violent that the stockmen had to abandon the idea of outright ownership; they went to work on the government departments administering the lands. Pressure was exerted on an economy-minded Congress to cut funds and authorize investigations. Department of Interior grazing-service funds were reduced to a point where each forester in the field had to look after two million acres. Encouraged by this success, the stockmen turned their attention to the Forest Service of the USDA, and a resolution was jammed through Congress to investigate the grazing in the national forests. Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson promised no further reductions would be made until the investigation was over.

By the end of the first day, it was evident that the investigation was stacking the cards against the Forest Service. At several of the hearings held in Wyoming and Colorado in early September, stockmen were given all the time they wanted; Lyle F. Watts, chief of the service, was allowed only 15 minutes to answer eight hours of vilification and misrepresentation. Representative Robert F. Rockwell (R, Colo.), who himself holds a permit to graze stock on government land, said that the committee wanted to hear only the bad about the Forest Service.

At one point during the hearings, the chairman, Representative Frank A. Barrett (R, Wyo.), lost his temper, pounded the desk and shouted: "Quit blaming the sheep-herders and poor cowboys around here. We are sick and tired of being kicked around and we are going to do a little kicking ourselves."

The public response was immediate. Even Chambers of Commerce and groups of stockmen denounced Barrett as unfit to conduct an investigation. The Denver *Post* called the hearings "Stockman Barrett's Wild West Show," and pointed out that the recommendations for a reduction in grazing permits were necessary to protect watersheds, a matter of vital importance to everyone in the West. Finally, in the middle of last month, Representative Barrett's "Wild West Show" was called off.

The subcommittee sent a long-winded letter to Secretary Anderson, saying that complaints about the Forest Service were justified, that no reduction in grazing should be made for three years and that legislation to correct the situation would be introduced when Congress reconvened.

Undoubtedly the Forest Service has made mistakes, but it is a matter of record that cattle and sheep men have ruined millions of acres, dried up streams and created vast wastelands by putting every possible head of stock on Western ranges. Old-timers will tell you that where grass once grew stirrup high, there is today not a sprig of vegetation.

The grassland, which is sandwiched in with the forest areas, furnishes forage on the average for only four and a half months and provides pasture for only six percent of Western cattle. Many cattlemen feel that this cheap grass represents unfair competition because it is not available to the majority of the grazers.

Anderson and Congress. What Anderson will do is anybody's guess. The latest word is that he is resisting the pressure of the cattlemen. At any rate, he has told Barrett that he has requested a further report from the Forest Service and that this is necessary before he can make a decision.

No one knows, either, what Congress will do with the proposed legislation. My guess is that, although the country is up in arms about the attack on the Forest Service, some kind of crippling legislation will be put through. ANGUS MCDONALD

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LABOR: Reuther's Realpolitik

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

FOR SIX DAYS last week a stocky, redheaded, ruthless master of *realpolitik* bull-whipped his enemies in the 2,000-delegate eleventh convention of the turbulent United Automobile Workers here. Today Walter P. Reuther stands at Philip Murray's elbow as one of the powers of American labor, undisputed boss of the UAW, a 40-year-old success who can become one of the most influential men in the history of mass-production industry.

Reuther's rout of his UAW foes could scarcely have been foreseen three years ago, when he barely won reëlection to a vice-presidency. He made his bid for the presidency a year ago last March, and narrowly ousted bumbling R. J. Thomas.

In 20 months he built a machine which this year beat George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer for 11 years, by an almost two-to-one vote. He won 1,035 votes in the union's executive board for his caucus, against 99 votes for the Addes caucus.

The Reuther triumph inevitably will encourage anti-Communist "right-wing" forces in other CIO unions. It will also project Reuther's economic attitudes—his tough-minded insistence on the "arithmetic" of wage-price-production relationships—into the innermost councils of the CIO and strengthen a new type of union radicalism to confront the "free-enterprise" banalities of the NAM.

Means business. In the economic seminar Reuther conducted for the press following his convention triumphs he placed first emphasis on the establishment of industry councils, composed of management and labor representatives, to discuss, among other things, production scheduling in the plants.

During the great General Motors strike two years ago, the nervous corporation argued in newspaper advertisements that "prices, wages, production" were the "prerogative" of management. Reuther denies the prerogative is exclusive. Labor doesn't want to infringe management's proper field, he says, but he considers as union business a wide range of economic factors, determining whether the people (and auto workers) have prosperity or depression, stable employment or mass layoffs.

The CIO has paid lip-service to this idea before. But Reuther is the first leader to make the concept a center of his economic thinking. He is the first whose 920,000-member union is big enough to do something about it. He is strategically located to strike at the sensitive assembly lines of mass-production industry.

Theoretician. Something of the glory of the brawling, lusty UAW may have departed as Reuther put the union under control. The convention was rather a tame affair. But Reuther has a chance to turn his youthful organization into a tempered and powerful weapon.

The razor-brushed UAW leader is frequently described as a "freak" among union leaders—an aloof theoretician who "doesn't drink with the boys," whose personality is impatient and chilly, who is happier with statistics and economic reports than in the human camaraderies familiar in union politics.

Actually he is an extremely skillful politician who can joke about his own ascetic personal habits and draw men to him. No other UAW leader can "pour it on" the "bosses" more scathingly, and his convention supporters here loved it. He has learned to endure gracefully, if not enjoy, the enthusiasm of "rank-and-filers" who carried him on their shoulders and demanded his presence at "victory" celebrations.

He is hated by Communists as only Communists can loathe an old Socialist Party "reformer," and he returns the hatred in full measure. He rode the country's current anti-Red tide without remorse to break an opposition which was correctly termed "popular-front" rather than "left-wing."

There is basis for worry in the anti-Communist overtones of his victory parade. The UAW's Communists, just as party members elsewhere, have faithfully followed the twistings of the party line to conform with what they imagine to be Soviet foreign policy. But there is no actual Communist "threat" to this country; there is a threat of reaction, a menace of native American fascism whooping up anti-Communist emotion, and Reuther did not mention this genuine danger.

He did not mention the threat to civil liberties in the national agitation about "agents of a foreign power." His bitterness against American Communists is understandable; they have abused and traduced him, labeled him the "boss's boy," and they would have broken him if they could. Instead, he broke them. But a word, a phrase somewhere along the line, to restore the balance, would have been welcome.

The victors. The new top team—replacing secretary Addes and vice-presidents R. J. Thomas and Richard T. Leonard—includes one genuine militant, Emil Mazey of Detroit, whose capacity for realistic action sent his Briggs-local "flying squadrons" to

DRAWING BY ZADIG

WALTER REUTHER

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strengthen UAW picket lines throughout Michigan during the bitter organizing days.

The two new vice-presidents are: Richard Gosser, Toledo, and John W. Livingston, St. Louis, who, like Mazey, have previously been regional directors. Mazey, some observers speculate, may cause even Reuther himself some trouble eventually.

There are others who fear Reuther's arbitrary spirit, his intellectual arrogance, his sense of destiny, and who warn that he will rule the UAW, if he can, as dictatorially as John L. Lewis runs the United Mine Workers. The UAW, however, is a different union; it is a cross-section of America, and its restless spirit is not likely to submit easily to dictatorship.

New program. Reuther's rise to power creates problems for the masters of the industry. During the GM strike, the corporation's bargainers read into the record a long article by a University of Chicago economist criticizing industrial unionism as an inevitable forerunner of European-style syndicalism. The obvious implication was that the company, after a decade of fighting the union, would still be pleased to go back to the "good old days" when GM could produce 600 millionaires without trouble while hiring or firing its workers as it pleased.

Reuther's program for the automobile industry includes pensions for workers ("we are going to have them") and a guaranteed annual wage, beginning with the proposition that any week a worker is called to the job he must be paid for 40 hours. The program includes a 30-hour week at "higher pay and higher living standards" than automobile workers have ever had before.

Reuther says he prefers a price rollback by Congress and industry rather than a fight for a new wage increase next spring, when wage-reopening clauses in most contracts become effective. But if the 80th Congress and industry fail to do the job, the UAW will go after the "third-round" postwar wage increases with all the power at its command. WILLARD SHELTON

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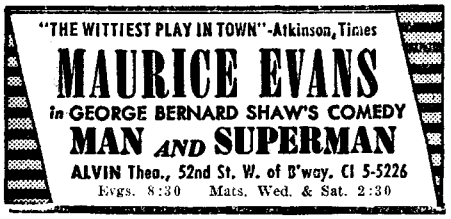
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MOVIES: Made in Heaven

THE PROBLEM considered in Sinclair Lewis' *Cass Timberlane* was once summed up by Peter Arno in a famous cartoon bearing the caption, "You are so good to me and I'm so tired of it all!" Arno was bitterly funny; the film is serious to a point so near solemnity that it would be easy to burlesque. Still and all, the wife bored by her surroundings and the unwavering adoration of her worthy husband is a real and painful object in this society, and one on which solemnity is bestowed least offensively. Because it tries to deal with this domestic impasse in fairly adult terms, "Cass Timberlane" will probably be the best film showing in your neighborhood on any given night.

Unfortunately, Spencer Tracy was chosen to play the title role and to prove in the end that probity, tolerance and devotion are a match for any beckoning dangers that may trouble a young wife's heart. He is sadly not the fellow for the part.

Some years back, Tracy picked up a piety that promises to ruin him as an actor. There was something sadistic, then, about giving him the present job; something like spiking a reformed drunkard's ginger ale. He plays the husband with such intolerable beauty of soul that you are forced to hope his lady will heed the illicit call, even though it comes from as unsavory a wife-snatcher as ever was unworthy to shine a good man's shoes.

The film, too, is bedeviled by little accidents of dialogue and action that do disproportionate damage. As an instance, it is bad for audience morale to have the heroine announce, à propos of nothing, that she loved her father and mother, or that marriage to her is two toothbrushes in a bathroom tumbler. And it helps none that the hero woos her with a reading from Edna St. Vincent Millay's fancy poem about the candle burning at both ends. Foreshadowing is a dangerous tool in heavy hands.

For the record, Lana Turner plays the wife; Zachary Scott is the tempter.

Anglo-American. "So Well Remembered," the first product of a recent marriage of convenience between RKO Radio and J. Arthur Rank, is one of those bittersweet English family chronicles that ramble along unworried by considerations of dramatic pace or tight plot construction. It manages nevertheless to hold your interest like a desultory conversation strewn with good anecdotes. The film is from a James Hilton novel; Edward Dmytryk, who directed, took Martha Scott with him to England to play opposite John Mills. The combination of talents has produced superior entertainment in a piece for mixed ages.

Like Timberlane, John Mills's Mayor Boswell is a man of high civic virtue troubled by a restless wife. In his case, however, the difficulty is a lot more serious. It gets cleared up only in the second generation, and not then until doses of melodrama have uncovered some ancient, ugly history.

Mills is a solidly reassuring actor who radiates goodness, and he might take alarm at Spencer Tracy's fate, but he is too young yet for type casting to have sapped his abilities. His portrayal of a young idealist dedicated to the mill-town poor from whom he comes is vigorous and lighthearted, and he develops the part into one of mature resolution that does not depend on the aging techniques of the make-up department for its effectiveness.

Miss Scott's job as the daughter of the disgraced millowner married to the champion of the workers is made more difficult for her, one suspects, because the film has skipped most of the psychological detail with which Hilton must have filled out the original character. Her claws get terribly sharp before her assignment is completed.

Trevor Howard plays the wise and dipsomaniac doctor who saves the town from an epidemic. The part is foolproof and he sensibly walks through it with no effort except to borrow John Barrymore's eyebrows.

R. L. H.

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THEATER: A Low, Grinding Wail

AFTER a pleasant bustle of successful openings early in the season, the theater has come into a dark and empty November. The actors have retired to bars where they can get drinks on the cuff, the playwrights have given up on their second acts, the box-office people are wheeling their children through the park, the backers are nervously worrying about inflation, and the audience has gone to the horse show and the Polo Grounds. There is a nip of disaster in the autumn air.

A skillfully presented revival, St. John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser," only served to deepen the gloom. Snobbish, bad-tempered, flat as a boiled dinner in a second-rate Salisbury hotel, it should have been allowed to molder in the lavender obscurity of its own period. The time, according to the program, is the present, but we listen to the opening 10 lines and we know the program is lying. It is an annoying trick of the producer to pretend to us that this pale echo of the 1920's has anything to do with the world we live in today. The time, if the program were more honest, is Never. The only reason I can see for this sad little printer's trick is to give the ladies of the cast an opportunity to wear this year's clothes, which are boring and silly enough on the streets outside the theater, and do not gain by being put behind the footlights.

Because of this gross miscalculation in taste, lines in the play that would otherwise only be wearisome become offensive. Janet Fraser, in the course of the second act, delivers herself of a bitter harangue against contemporary youth, calling it lazy, pleasure-loving, useless, not worth the powder to blow it to hell. For the sake of a longer hem line, Jane Cowl, who plays the part, finds herself in the doubtful position of damning in these angry terms the pilots who fought the Battle of Britain, the veterans of Alamein, the women of the London anti-aircraft batteries, the downy-cheeked boys who landed on the beaches of Normandy in 1944. The New Look may be dear to the hearts of the ladies, but there must be some sacrifices it dare not demand.

Expendables. The most regrettable thing about the revival is the caliber of the actors which it wastes. Miss Cowl, who is one of the best actresses in the country, plays with a grace, an inner humor, a sense of credibility, a professional and practised skill, that should be put to better use. She has the rare quality of seeming to be really alive on the stage. She listens, she thinks, she fumbles, she makes up her mind; through a subtle series of hesitations and decisions she creates a character who indomitably defeats the falsity and dead unreality of the play.

Henry Daniell, happily freed from Hollywood, sulks, rages and calls on our pity with the force of a living man. But you watch him work with regret, as you would a fine pitcher called into the game too late.

Charles Elson, who designed a handsome and interesting set, deftly avoiding all the clichés of the boxlike drawing room, is another sacrifice to Ervine's chichi old dowager of a play.

It is a good thing to have people like Miss Cowl and Daniell back on our stage, and I can understand the desperation which drove them into "The First Mrs. Fraser." Star parts to fit their talents do not turn up every Monday morning. But I would prefer to see them in lesser parts in larger plays. It would be healthier for them, and certainly healthier for our November theater.

IRWIN SHAW

A Correction

Through a regrettable error, the drawing of Edith Piaf on page 32 of the November 17 issue was wrongly credited. The artist is Lee Ames. — The Editors

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CORRESPONDENCE

The CIO and the Church

SIR: The article in the *New Republic* entitled "How Long Can He Compromise?" (the *NR*, October 20), by James Higgins, is a deliberate insult to Philip Murray, president of the CIO, and the United Steelworkers of America.

His libelous allegations about me and his dreamed-up notions of my personal history are lies. Is the once fearless *New Republic* descending to the depths of the old "Menace"?

DAVID J. MCDONALD
Secretary-Treasurer,
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: . . . Higgins compares the orders Communist unionists take from Moscow to the orders the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists receives from Rome. Actually, this is a completely invalid comparison. Communist unionists receive orders that require them to make such sudden switches as were required when Moscow and Berlin reached agreement in 1939 or as when they reached disagreement in 1941. This is quite different from the ACTU, which bases its ideas on Catholic principles that are unaffected by political changes.

As for the author's quick dismissal of *Rerum Novarum* and *Immortale Dei* as urging a return to the guild system, it would seem quite possible that he was not familiar with these papal letters. *Immortale Dei*, for instance, does not even touch on economic problems at all but is a discussion of the relationship between Church and State. . . .

DALE FRANCIS
Department of Public Information
University of Notre Dame
South Bend, Ind.

SIR: Your article on Philip Murray and the CIO, by James Higgins, cannot be allowed to pass without comment. . . .

To begin with, Mr. Higgins professes to see three conflicting forces in the CIO —the "right-thinking" element, where he places the United Steelworkers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the United Rubber Workers, the Oil Workers and (of all people) R. J. Thomas of the United Automobile Workers; the "young revolutionaries" who follow the Communist Party line; and the "young unpredictables." This latter category seems to include all who are willing to call a Communist by his right name. . . .

But Mr. Higgins goes beyond even this sort of division. Almost at once he reduces his three categories to two. The "young revolutionaries" become honorary members of the "right-thinking" group, while the "young unpredictables" are transformed into agents of the ACTU.

This is more than a mistake; it's an obvious untruth. . . .

The anti-Communist forces in CIO are neither illiberal nor predominantly Catholic; quite the contrary. It is precisely because they *are* liberal that they are anti-Communist; and religion is no more a factor in their politics than in Mr. Higgins'. . . .

LAWRENCE ROGIN
KENNETH FIESTER
Publicity Department
Textile Workers' Union of America
New York City

SIR: Because thousands of Roman Catholics have helped to build and consolidate the great American labor movement, mere mention of the ACTU—a journalistic tabu for 10 years—is bound to make some people hot under the collar.

1. In my opinion, ACTU sympathizers "deliberately insult" Phil Murray and every CIO member when they thrust the completely irrelevant question of religion upon labor.

2. Mr. Francis acknowledges that the ACTU bases its ideas upon "Catholic principles . . . unaffected by political changes." The precise political changes which have never affected "Catholic principles" are those whose thought and word are expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. *Immortale Dei* inferentially condemns both documents. Thus the "Catholic principles" of the ACTU are in conflict with the American principles which guide the CIO. Rome is the authority for the ACTU. The democratic concept of life governs the CIO.

3. Of course not all those who put anti-communism first in their CIO hearts are agents of the ACTU. What I said was that *anyone* in the CIO who is willing to "fight communism" receives his only *organized* support from the ACTU. This obviously gives the ACTU a power which may yet amaze liberals Rogin and Fiester. As for the wisdom of anti-communism as a labor way of life, I feel an American seriously interested in the problem should take a look at the profit figures for 1947, think about the 80th Congress, study the headlines, ponder the cost of living and read the history of Germany between World Wars I and II.

JAMES HIGGINS
New York City

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RADIO: Theater on the Air

TWO MAJOR PRESENTATIONS of serious drama have just come over the air from NBC. One of these was in radio, the other in television; one was modern and slick, the other a period piece of turgid tragedy. Each in its category was a "first," and both fell short of the anticipated heights to which they might have risen. But for both productions one must applaud NBC and those who worked with this network in making the airings possible.

The television première brought to audiences in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Schenectady the first play produced this year by NBC in collaboration with the Theater Guild. A little more than two years ago, the Guild became seriously interested in radio, acting in an advisory capacity for the "Theater Guild on the Air," which US Steel sponsors Sunday nights (9:30) on the ABC network. Its directors, Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn, now feel "it can bring to television the same standards which it has raised in the theater and which have proved successful with the public."

There can be little doubt that the Guild, backed by NBC's technical facilities, will do much for television. Langner and Miss Helburn showed an ability to learn rapidly from mistakes made during the early months of the radio effort. When the wrinkles are smoothed out of the present venture, NBC and the Guild should be in position to provide television with its first mature theater.

The play chosen for the opener was St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson." In 1918, "John Ferguson" drew rave reviews from New York's major critics. Maybe it was the cast that turned the trick, a cast including Augustin Duncan, Helen Westley, Rollo Peters, Helen Freeman and Dudley Digges. But I doubt that the personnel could have made that much difference. I saw little in the video performances turned in by Thomas Mitchell, Joyce Redman, Vaughn Taylor and Barry Macullom, directed by Denis Johnston, that could have been improved upon.

It was not the actors who were at fault, or the production. It was the play. Langner and Miss Helburn, sentimental showfolk, dug "Ferguson" out of the warehouse, with his ills and the religious tenets that impel him to accept God's will in the face of foreclosure, the rape of his daughter and the discovery that his son is a murderer. They love "Ferguson" because Ervine's stark morality play was the Guild's first financial success. Yesterday's realism has a way of becoming the next generation's corn, but the NBC-Guild partnership in video has been launched, and the promise is there.

Written for the mike. The other "first" came to the "Ford Theater" (Sundays, five to six p.m.) when this program began its series of eight original full-hour radio plays. These originals, intended to change the pace from adaptations of famous books, movies or stage plays, will be given every few weeks during the year. The opening original, "The Power and the Glory," was written by Hector Chevigny, an outstanding craftsman who has created hundreds of shows for radio and films. His skill was apparent; the story was easy, smooth, fluid. But it was also much too dexterous, showed too patently that the writer not only knows every trick of his trade but doesn't mind using all of them at once.

Thus, what started out as an ideological battle between the president of a state medical society and a demagogic state governor, developed into an action-packed, eight-reel picture with a love story, suicide, political double-crossing, a first-class fistfight and the final triumph of Right over Evil.

The "Ford Theater" continues, however, to share with "Theater Guild on the Air" the distinction of filling a full hour with a dramatic production that's usually superb. And the show

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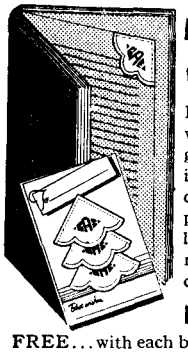

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proves that radio does not have to go beyond its own field to find acting talent.

Mayflower rule. Stanley Faulkner, former administrative secretary of the National Lawyers' Guild, now counsel for the Voice of Freedom Committee, insists in a statement prepared for this department that "broadcasters cannot show any justification" for demanding the right of freedom to editorialize on the air. He charges the industry with operating "for reactionary propaganda" now, inside the Mayflower-decision limitations, and disagrees with Nathan Straus, who argued here some weeks ago that those already entrusted with broadcasting licenses deserve greater confidence and the freedom to editorialize.

This commentator expects to appear before the FCC early next year to argue against revocation of the Mayflower decision. I hope more readers will let me have their ideas, individual and organizational, before January.

SAUL CARSON

De Gaulle (Continued from page 8)

them the first party of France, the Gaullists said, after all, there were 24 million votes in France, so the Communists were a minority.

But now that the RPF has also got six million votes, the Gaullists say they *really* are the first party of France, de Gaulle must be called to power at once on his own terms, Parliament must dissolve itself, all the other parties must admit their defeat and make way for *le grand Charlot.*

Thus far, the National Assembly shows little inclination to dissolve itself on de Gaulle's orders. As a matter of fact, the de Gaulle strategists who formed an "inter-group" in the assembly as a means of rallying deputies to the General's banner have been unable to get more than 55 out of 619 members.

It is a strange situation, since the de Gaullist victory on a municipal level has given him little direct influence in national affairs, and the French Constitution has safeguards against dissolution in the provision that there can be no new elections for a year and a half (this means not before next May).

To be noted. Highlights of de-Gaulle's conference were the statements:

¶ France must take the lead in instituting a series of treaties with Britain and the US for common defense against the Soviet Union;

¶ France must not be blind to the danger of a new war and must prepare for it;

¶ France must deal on equal terms with her big allies—the United States providing the needed economic power, France supplying geographical and moral strength;

¶ Labor unions must be shorn of political strength, integrated in the state, made to bear national responsibilities;

¶ The state must fix prices and profits through associations of workers, bosses and owners under state control;

¶ The budget must be balanced and production increased.

From the practical viewpoint, the worst trouble with all these points and many others is that France's most pressing problems are economic and financial, and on these the General has nothing to offer. Favoring a balanced budget and increased production is like coming out in favor of sunshine and helping old ladies cross the street.

Of course, de Gaulle did say he would cut government spending one-third by the compression of the civil services, but the present government's "guillotine commission" has been doing just that kind of cutting for months. And the big army and air force and strong hand in the colonies that de Gaulle favors have been the largest single factor in unbalancing the budget since the liberation.

Not much of his "program" stands up to critical examination, and a majority of the newspapers have been picking big holes in it. They have pointed out that he avoids facing the problem of rising prices, food and industrial shortages and the restoration of a healthy economy.

On the international plane he wants to coördinate the Western half of a divided world into a defense system for a new war, and to integrate western Germany into a Western European bloc led by France. This, the papers point out, is a negative program based on the present stalemate in the cold war, offering no solution other than the prospect of another war, which few Frenchmen are ready to accept.

Coup d'etat? What will happen now? The answer seems plain.

First, the Gaullists will snipe from the side lines at all governments, explcit propagandistically the difficulties and failures bound to arise in the next few months, and clamor for new elections.

Second, they will consolidate their gains, organize cadres, train militants, build an organization in order to be ready to maintain and increase their strength until next spring, when new elections become possible. And they will cuddle up to the US State Department.

A *coup d'état* would be a last resort. At present the Gaullists are confident that an impatient French people will be ready to gamble, and to give the RPF a victory at the polls. At that time there will be plenty of chance to refashion the state machinery and structure in order to give de-Gaulle a long-term grip on them.

The RPF is making a special effort behind the scenes to get centrist and liberal support so as to whitewash the too obvious right-wing backing which at present is the real strength of de Gaulle's movement.

The chances of success seem to warrant a better-than-even-money bet today. They depend largely on how much material and rapid support the present centrist, anti-Communist, anti-de Gaulle French government is able to get from the US.

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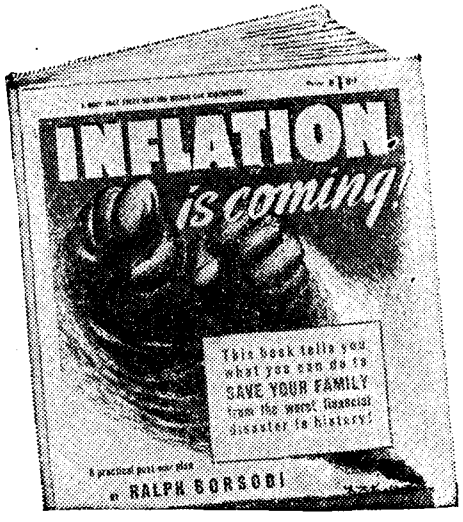
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